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JULY, 1940

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Pierre Esprit Radisson and the *Coureurs de Bois* ..... Philip Child
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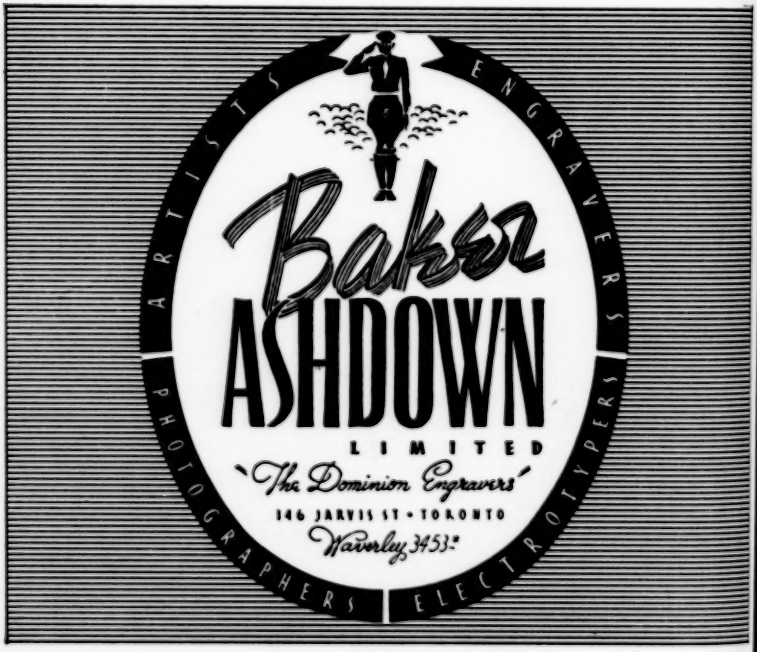

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FREEDOM AND CONTEMPORARY THOUGHT

W. R. Taylor

CONFRONTED with another world war in its most terrible phases, we must feel ourselves compelled at times to turn from the stark madness and the bloody agony of current events, and fix our attention on what may lie beyond this latest Armageddon. We know that our age has been profoundly affected by the nature and the consequences of the last war; and whether or not this second one was necessarily bred by the first, it seems indisputable that, even with the most desirable results through the triumph of the democracies, the effects will bring us face to face with conditions and problems—social, political, intellectual, and religious—that must be aggravated because we are still in arrears in dealing with those which emerged after 1914. Our ability to salvage what is left to us and to set in order our confusions will depend on the measure of our will to meet the issues with courage, purpose, and balance. It is conceivable that through sheer exhaustion our generation might conclude that "all is vanity" or at best only the rolling of a Sisyphean stone; we might, like the Graeco-Roman culture at the beginning of the present era, suffer paralysis through loss of nerve, looking for help in one of two directions, either in some form of obscurantism or in some false eschatology whereby the travail of society is left to wait on a providential interposition or a Carlylean god-man hero. We might, with no less hesitance than others who have lived before us, reconcile ourselves to a philosophy of history, based on a three-point-creed:

> the youth of the world is past;
> the strength of the creation is exhausted;
> the advent of the times is very short.
> —(*Apocalypse of Baruch*, 85:10)

The potentialities out of which such attitudes of mind come into being and proceed to function, are latent in every period of history but become manifest at those points in history when culture, halted for whatever reason in its development, seems to experience a measure of frustration. There are not a few evidences that even before the outbreak of this war our generation was showing signs of loss of confidence in its powers to deliver itself, and was ready to barter freedom, intellectual, cultural and spiritual, for what

seemed to be political and economic freedom. This cringing to circumstance which is the mark of the caitiff-soul, as Plato claimed, brings as its nemesis a long train of evil. It is surely not necessary to remind ourselves that social and political freedom does not rise or fall except in relation to what happens in other fields of culture. Decay of political freedom is concomitant with decay in Art, Drama, Literature, Philosophy, and Theology. The end of the surrender of the will to think, to speak, and to create freely, is the dehumanization of the age that makes the capitulation. We need to beware that in fighting against the malady which has overtaken most of Europe we do not succumb to its subtle contagious influence.

The reasons for the present menace to this essential freedom are to be sought in the accidents of contemporary history. At the end of the year 1918 we found that more than armies had been checked and brought to a halt; that we, ourselves, both victors and vanquished, had come to a dead stop in our habitual thinking about man, God, and the world. For more than a century our political, social and religious theories had been under the spell of one or another school of Romantic Idealism. The common axioms of this faith in things and in ourselves seemed never more incontrovertible than in that age of general peace, prosperity, and expansive opportunity, whose collapse we witnessed. Every triumph of science and invention seemed to demonstrate the rationality of the universe and the power of the human mind to enter into and to share its purposes. The world appeared to be responsive to our aims and efforts by moving for the time being in the direction we wanted, and so promoted the illusion. Even as men entered the war, they viewed it as the final apocalyptic struggle, "the war to end war"; and beyond it they descried the Millenium—a world fit for rich and poor and war-battered heroes to live in. They said that the New Age was upon us, that the onward march of the race, interrupted by the last assaults of the demonic powers, was to move henceforth unimpeded to its final triumph. The Church shared in the mood of this age of "Absolute Egotism" and set out to transform the world by the Social Gospel and by the evangelization of the heathen "within this generation."

It is not surprising that the Humanists came to believe that God was Man or Man was God, however one phrases it, and that whatever evil exists in the world can be explained as due to the

impotence of God who no less than ourselves is caught up in the world process. "Immanentism" was the idea around which men of diverse schools of thought sought to build their *Weltanschauungen*. Fundamentally, there was perhaps little to choose between Tyrrell's Modernism, R. J. Campbell's New Theology, and H. G. Wells's Evolutionary Theism, except in the manner of statement. However, God in those halcyon days, just as his universe, seemed to come close to us, shorn, like everything else, of all "the glory, dominion, and power" of which the prayer-books spoke. In the presence of a deity with whom we could chum up, sin—like hell—disappeared from our vocabulary. "Our God is not censorious if his children have their fling." So man seemed in those days to be comfortably at home in the world with his feet on the mantel.

But by the end of the first world war, particularly in Europe, the world seemed to have gone in reverse; and then and afterwards for what the Germans called the fourteen years of "shame and dishonour" (*Schmach und Schande*) men seemed to be in the power of a tragic destiny which their reason could not comprehend, nor their best efforts master; they sensed that there were heights and depths to existence which they had never glimpsed or guessed before. A feeling of the power of fate and of the irrationality of life, of the power of evil, of the weakness and futility of human reason and design, quickly crept over us and devitalized, where it did not bring to death, the forms of thought in which much of the pre-war culture had had its springs.

The reactions to this post-war mood were not slow to manifest themselves, and assumed a variety of aspects. There was a wave of scepticism concerning the values of life and a revolt against the traditional sanctions and morals of society. The film and the popular periodical were the means both for expressing and for spreading the prevailing spirit of nihilism. Life was viewed as a sort of mad dance like that of the gnats in the breeding season; *Flaming Youth* became a symbol of the new rhythm; and wistful old age was roused by the promise that it would yet be able to join up with youth by the replacement of its sclerotic glands by those of monkeys. The *tempo* was moderated for the individual by limitations of circumstance or of means. And this led not seldom, as one might expect, to disillusionment, cynicism, and spiritual depression. Superficially there was much gaiety and simulation of happiness, in the assiduous pursuit of pleasure, com-

fort, and indulgence. The code of the new popular Hedonism, just as of the old, was:

> Let us fill ourselves with costly wines and perfumes;
> And let no flower of spring pass us by;
> Let us crown ourselves with rose buds, before they be withered;
> Let none of us go without his share in our proud revelry.
> —(*Wisdom of Solomon*, 2:7-9)

But actually there was no spring of joy below the surface. The raucous music, characteristic of the period, was born of the dissonance and bitterness of disillusionment that lay within. The pre-war man, who had stood erect and looked into the heavens and considered himself the end of the travail of the Universe, now sank back into the mud of things and gave up his cosmology. In *Those Barren Leaves* Aldous Huxley makes Francis Chelifer say:

> Religion, patriotism, the moral order, humanitarianism, social reform—we have all of us, I imagine, dropped all these overboard long ago. But we still cling pathetically to art. Quite unreasonably: for the thing has far less reason for existence than most of the objects that we have got rid of, is utterly senseless indeed, without their support and justification. Art for art's sake; halma for halma's sake. It is time to smash the last and silliest of the idols. My friends, I adjure you, put away the ultimate and sweetest of the inebriants, and wake up at last completely sober—among the dust bins at the bottom of the area steps.

At the best, in such a view of things we are like the Babes in the Wood—we have only each other. It was the shock of the apparent discovery that the world had no meaning, which accounted for the undertones of disquiet in the clamour of the period.

But man cannot live by negations alone. However much one might accuse the pre-war times of *sentimentality* and *pollyannaism*, religion, science, politics, literature, and art were to a high degree under the common sway of a view of things that was the result of sustained intellectual effort. Occasional rebels of the post-romantic school on the continent failed to unsettle the general sense of self-sufficiency and self-satisfaction by their revelations of something grim or sinister in things. The post-war generation, feeling that everything in which they trusted had betrayed them, made a break with thought and tradition in a bid for freedom, and found that its freedom was false. Towards the beginning of the last decade a wave of fresh disillusionment, created by the severe political and social problems in Europe and the world-wide economic distress, swept over us, drowning out much of the earlier gaiety and mirth

and forcing unwilling minds to a fresh estimate of the state of human affairs. To replace old forms of thought recourse was had to various reconstructions in which the incomprehensibility and the stubbornness of objective Reality were stressed, the way being opened up by a revival of interest in a type of pantheistic mysticism. In literature, Dostoievsky enjoyed new prominence and regard. For in all his novels there is the sense of something grim and demonic in nature; and even in the worst of derelicts he had revealed an elemental Faustian struggle for freedom, so that the most wretched of them, even if they mistook the road to true freedom, were in a sense more vital than those who had made no adventure but lived the neat, orderly existence which *bourgeois* morality and socialist scheming both envisage. His characters may have been fallen and degraded but they were capable of ecstatic self-devotion to others, and the poignancy of their cry against circumstance evidenced some *élan vital* welling up to expression. Besides, the doctrine of purification by suffering, and by suffering alone, was accompanying, like a Greek chorus, the elegiac strophes of his plots. All this found a response in many hearts in Europe a decade or more ago. The early German mystic, Meister Eckhart (1260-1327), a speculative thinker of a Neo-Platonic type, whose writings had been banned by the Church because of their pantheistic nature, assumed a new rank in the calendar of the saints along with Nietzsche, whose robust affirmations of life over against pessimism seemed to take on new significance in their German environment. In English literature, there were evidences of an independent movement in the same direction. In an endeavour to find *meaning* in life and a basis for an ethic Aldous Huxley, while denying personal and moral qualities to the Absolute, puts forward a mild sort of Brahmanistic doctrine of non-attachment to those things which create disharmony and division among men, in order to achieve peace in the world and unity with Reality: "God is not good [i.e., he is amoral], but if I want as full a knowledge of God as it is possible for human beings to have, I must be as good as it is possible for human beings to be." The sense of depth in existence was reawakened in theistic circles everywhere by Rudolph Otto's *Idea of the Holy*, in which he stressed the element of the *mysterium tremendum* in religion and defined God as "wholly other" in the sense of being more than the sum of any ethical or rational concepts with which he may be associated in our minds. Studies in Eastern mysticism, such as Otto's

Mysticism and B. H. Streeter's Bampton Lectures (1932), *The Buddha and the Christ*, an exploration of the meaning of the universe and of the purpose of human life, reflect the prevailing tendencies of the new quest for Reality.

In these circumstances, the reaction against a philosophy of *meaninglessness* proceeded to lose its amorphous character and to crystallize in two forms which are of primary concern to us. To return to Huxley, who as few writers was sensitive to the flux in European thought, we quote from his *Ends and Means*, "The liberation we desired was simultaneously liberation from a certain political and economic system and liberation from a certain system of morality." In answer to those who claimed for these systems that "they embodied the meaning, a Christian meaning of the world . . ., we could deny that the world had any meaning." But "by the end of the twenties a reaction against this philosophy of meaninglessness had begun to set in—away from the easy-going philosophy of general meaninglessness, towards the hard, ferocious theologies of nationalistic and revolutionary idolatry." This was, as he says, to introduce meaning into the world, but "only in patches." But these theologies against which he speaks so bitterly did not spring out of the air; rather they are one of the forms which the mystical temper of the period assumed. The outstanding work of this type is Rosenberg's *Myth of the Twentieth Century* with its emphasis on the mystery of blood and race and soil. This has been read by millions, and next to *Mein Kampf* is the most influential book in the last decade. It is more dangerous than the latter because there is an element of truth in it to which any people might subscribe, and through the contagion of its point of view it is possible to witness a complete retreat in our Western world from the spirit of co-operation and internationalism to one of nationalism and racialism. Such a rejection of the fruits of thought and of the spirit for a return to tribalism and naturalism explains totalitarianism, neo-Caesarism, and nihilistic communism, and their logical sequences in the assaults on freedom and morals.

The second reaction against the notion of meaninglessness concerns philosophy and religion, more particularly the latter. It is seen in the sudden rise to prominence in European religio-philosophic circles, within and without the universities, of an hitherto almost unknown man, the Dane, Sören Kierkegaard (1813-55). Neglected in his lifetime because he himself and all

that he wrote seemed to be out of joint with his environment and times, and dying in obscurity, he obtained in the twentieth century the homage reserved for genius. He is now classed as one of the three great prophets of revolt, along with Nietzsche and Marx. His revolt was waged against conventionalism and intellectualism in religion. His teaching is deeply stamped with the bitter and tragic elements of a life that from childhood to early death was overshadowed by thick gloom. The key to his thought is his treatment of the so-called fourth dimension of reality. In this world of experience with its anthropocentric tendencies we have been obtuse to the tragic depths of life, the soul, sin, the future, the cosmos. The bitterness of existence is that terrific demonic forces seem to be engaged in time in a cosmic struggle against the Super-Will, and the human soul is a battle-ground in the issue. We have an awareness that across this three-dimensional world there cuts at right angles, as it were, another dimension or plane of living. To this we can never have access through the rational self or the intellect, but only through the exercise of *existential* thinking. Hence this type of thought has been designated *Existenz-Philosophie*. "Existenz" differs from "Sein" and "Dasein" in that, as used, it applies to persons only and to time, and requires not intellectual assent but the active response of one's total being to the demands of faith. "It is to live with *Interesse*, with *Leidenschaft*, also with *Entscheidung*." There are great alternatives in life which can be over-leaped not by logic but only by a responsible decision that implies the whole man facing the whole mystery of life. This involves a paradox; for man accepts in this pragmatic effort of his being as truth, what according to the laws of his own nature is untruth. In Kierkegaard this is not the outcome of contempt for moral and intellectual ideals; rather the lower stages prepare the way and even point to this, the higher, when the individual perceives that the highest truth is beyond reason, and can be apprehended only by life through an act of faith, that is, the highest truth is known only by active, personal participation in it. Since God comes not in a single experience in totality, but from interval to interval, abruptly, in a moment, it follows that any moment may become a *crisis*. History resolves itself into a *Now* since it does not move to its fulfilment in a future but its climax is here at every moment which calls for decision. In the field of contemporary philosophy this form of thought appears in the

Phenomenologists, Husserl, Heidegger, and Jaspers. According to Heidegger, philosophy is to transcend; and to transcend is to find the meaning of life in a flash of awareness in the midst of one's total response to living.

It is not difficult to perceive on what Karl Barth's dialectic system rests, and why it has in one or another form swept across a large part of Europe. In this tragic world we have one guide, the *Word*. From the human approach we know nothing about it; we must accept it in an act of faith. It is a ray of light that, so to speak, has shot down from the super-reality into this dark, chaotic existence. It comes from the "wholly other." It is only when man ceases to speak of God as "He" or "It" and says "Thou" in the complete abandonment of personal surrender in a *crisis* of decision that the "Dimension of Deity" is apprehended. In his assault on twentieth-century Humanism, Barth has exceeded Kierkegaard in his scepticism concerning the value of the aesthetic, moral, and intellectual ideals of man, and has thereby caused divisions among his followers. Emil Brunner, notably, has set himself against Barth's general position that there is no expression of God's grace in creation, and that there is no point of contact in human nature to which Divine grace can make an appeal.

It is clear that such religio-philosophic absolutism means the death not only of twentieth-century Humanism, against which it especially directs its attacks, but more seriously, of all forms of free and broad thought. And it is symptomatic that wherever in Europe Barthianism has spread it has been followed by a more or less pronounced retreat from intellectual and speculative freedom in theological discussion, in the direction of dogmatic rigidity and obscurantism. This is conspicuously so in Holland, France, Switzerland, and parts of Germany, countries which have been exposed to Calvinistic influences, and in Denmark; less markedly in the areas traditionally Lutheran. It is obviously something more than a coincidence that this religio-philosophic repudiation of the innate worth of the self is contemporaneous with the blotting out of democracy. The assault on Idealism is something more than a class-room affair.

Two other groups of thinkers must be briefly dealt with. First there are the Russian *Emigrés* in Paris. The two best-known members of this group are Bulgakov and Berdyaev. The best-known work of this school is Berdyaev's *The Meaning of History*.

Both have been influenced by Dostoievsky and Kierkegaard, but both of them are superior in massiveness of mind to contemporary thinkers in continental Protestant circles, since they both refuse to rob the world of significance in the interest of a "wholly-other-transcendentalism." As you read them, however, you perceive that they have in great measure returned to the thought of Origen and of Neo-Platonism. In other words, it is the old *Logos* philosophy with the fatal Greek dualism at its base. The second group is represented by the Catholic philosophers and related writers. This Catholic philosophy is, strange to say, one of the most satisfactory constructions in contemporary thought. Many Protestants find it very congenial. The reason for its wide appeal is that it maintains on the one hand a philosophy of nature, and at the same time it builds up a theology of supernature, integrating the first with the second in a coherent, rational system. It is, of course, Neo-Platonism enriched by Augustine and Aquinas. Man is at the boundary point between Nature and the Transcendental. He is the completion of the first and the beginning of the next. Nature and super-nature come into conjunction in man through grace. The chief exponents of this thought are Gilson, Maritain, and the Jesuit Przywara. The defect in the system, from a Protestant point of view, lies in respect to grace. For when you ask what is grace, and what the means of grace, then Catholic theology enters into Catholic philosophy; and this theology insists that one must subscribe to certain dogmas which many minds, otherwise attracted by the philosophy, refuse to accept. Clearly, wherever we turn in Europe, whether to Protestantism or to Catholicism, Eastern or Western, we are met by one or another metaphysic as rigid and arbitrary as its political structures.

In Scotland, which intellectually lives close to the continent, and in England, continental thought has been given sympathetic consideration, and in some quarters a certain measure of acceptance. On the whole, it is perhaps right to say that the British mind is still too cautious to accept it. And here in Archbishop Temple's recently published Gifford Lectures (1935) the Protestant who appreciates the balance of Gilson meets a philosophic construction of equal balance. Like the Catholic thinkers from Thomas Aquinas down to the present, Temple keeps his feet on the ground. As the title of the Lectures, *Nature, Man, and God*, indicates, full justice is done to the full round of experience, with no surrender

either to a false immanentism or to an equally false transcendentalism, and with no demeaning of Man and of History in order to exalt Revelation and Grace. Herein we see a disposition of the British mind that offers a bulwark against continental ideologies.

In conclusion, we must recognize that at this time we face not only the perils of war but the greater peril that, in the presence of disaster or of want, men may for the sake of some economic or political salvation surrender that which is the basis of life, the freedom of the spirit. In the range of contemporaneous thought which we have covered, it is evident that there has been a flight from the intellect and reason to instinct or intuition, from speculation to dogma, from liberty to absolutism. Confronted by the state of Europe we ought to be warned that, whatever befalls us, there is no hope in this way—only Caesarism, apocalypticism, scepticism, determinism. In these days a tragic interest attaches to the sane humanitarianism of Masaryk, who spoke of the good society as one which "sets reason and morality against instinct and nature, and calls for the responsible and rational collaboration of responsible and rational individuals."

PIERRE ESPRIT RADISSON AND THE RACE OF *COUREURS DE BOIS*

PHILIP CHILD

I

BY the turn of the seventeenth century into the eighteenth, the primeval wilderness, many moccasins remote from the St Lawrence, had become the scene of man's latest challenge to the unknown. The uttermost stretches of sky, water, and tangled evergreen which, hitherto, had known of men only the stealthy gliding past of the red man in his bark canoe were to see the white skin of the *coureur de bois* and the black robe of the Jesuit missionary. Long haunted by the wolfish whoop of the Iroquois, the forest was to throw back new echoes: of thin voices, heard in the distance, singing the old, half mournful songs of France—

Chante, rossignol, chante,
Toi qui as le cœur gai;
Tu as le cœur à rire,
Moi je l'ai-t-à pleurer—

or of the full-throated *Vexilla Regis*, sung by *voyageurs*, king's men and Jesuit missionaries, whilst they raised the royal arms of France beside the cross of Christ and claimed that land for "the chief of the greatest chiefs," Louis XIV,

Vexilla regis prodeunt
Fulget crucis mysterium . . . .

Thus did France symbolically lay hold upon the wilderness through its legates of church and state, the Jesuit missionary and the *coureur de bois*.

"As I walked through the wilderness of this world. . . ." So begins the *Pilgrim's Progress*. In the seventeenth century the wilderness of Jesuit and *coureur* was no mere metaphor; its physical presence surrounded New France as an omnipresent challenge to those restless activities of body and mind by which man strives to cheat the human finality of death. But each of these two characteristic types, drawn from the armoury of human nature to cope with the unknown, walked in a different wilderness. The Jesuit's was the abode of barbarous souls to be saved—wildernesses within the wilderness—while the *coureur*'s was the haunt of an animal

whose fur was gold, the beaver; for, though he had his own share of Gallic imagination, the *coureur* cared little for the profundities of the human heart, whether his own or the Indian's. The conflicting purposes of these two figures of the forest faithfully reflected the struggle between God's penny and Caesar's, back in the little state on the St Lawrence from which both sallied forth. Was New France to continue as a theocracy, or was it to develop, like the English colonies, as a mercantile state?

But however conflicting their aims, the destinies of Jesuit and *coureur* are interwoven in the history of French exploration; and if we are here concerned mainly with the man in buckskin we must not forget that the priest in the black robe, because of his achievements and his singular heroism, also deserves a chapter of his own.

II

King Beaver, not King Louis, was the mainstay of the colony, and the material motive that sent forth the *habitant* in his long canoe to the *pays d'en haut*, sometimes for years at a time, was the gambler's hope of making a fortune in pelts. Every colonist knew of the annual Beaver Fair at Ville Marie de Montréal, at which money flowed as tempestuously as the Lachine Rapids. Rumours of fortunes made in furs were common gossip in the *côtes* of the St Lawrence. "Mr Perrot, the governor of the town [of Montreal], who has but a thousand Crowns a year Sallary, has made shift to get fifty thousand in a few years by trading with Savages in Skins and Furs." Thus wrote the mercurial traveller La Hontan in 1703. (History adds the melancholy postscript that Perrot, like many of the *coureurs*, died in poverty.) The beaver skin was a frontier commodity; just as the forty-niner had his sack of gold dust, so the *coureur* had his packs of beaver skins (one large canoe could caryy over half a ton of pelts), and trade values in the colony were based on the beaver pelt: one skin purchased a quart of brandy, two a blanket, five a musket. Furthermore, the psychology of the fur-trader was a frontier psychology which had much in common with that of the later pioneer of the gold rush: if his motive was the hope of gain, it was spiced with the love of adventure and of that peculiar freedom of the man cut off from the protection of society and dependent for safety on his own resources.

To be sure motives vary, for the *coureur de bois* is a composite portrait of the layman in New France. He may be a king's officer

like DuLhut or Henri de Tonty, a soldier-aristocrat, carrying something of feudal *panache* into the forest; he may be a man of great designs like LaSalle; he may be a trusted emissary of the Government like Nicolas Perrot, charged to enforce by prestige alone the king's peace upon savages to whom the king is quite as mysterious as the white man's god, *Diou*. But typically the *coureur* is a Norman peasant from the *côtes* of the St Lawrence or the Richelieu, usually of good stock though New France did not entirely escape those drafts of convicts which are traditionally sent to new colonies. The most vigorous and the most independent men in the new colony were lured to the forest. From the Monongahela to Hudson Bay and from the Ottawa to the headwaters of the Mississippi, wherever there was a portage trail, there at some time in the year the bearded figure of the *coureur* in buckskin or bright cotton shirt would pass by.[1] The Intendant Duchesneau, who was blamed by the king for the slow increase in the colony's population, asserted in 1680 that the *coureurs* numbered eight hundred, or forty per cent of the adult males. Professor Munro hazards the guess that by the turn of the century the numbers were between a thousand and fifteen hundred. A few names from this throng resound with the connotations of history—Radisson, Nicolet, Tonty of the iron hand, Nicolas Perrot, Jolliet, DuLhut, Charles de Langlade—because these men were something more than traders. But of the rank and file—of those hundred and forty-three companions who in 1688 went with Perrot to the *pays d'en haut*, for instance, nothing survives but a curt mention here and there in the missionary reports of the Jesuits: like the brief bow of the half-breed *coureur* Dubocq, who, captured by eight Iroquois, contrived to make them drunk on good French brandy and, escaping to Montreal with eight Indian scalps and two Indian widows, uttered "death cries to the number of eight to show that he had killed eight men."

In the early days of the colony the number of *coureurs* was small and their conduct was orderly; indeed many of them learnt their woodcraft as lay helpers at the Jesuit missions. But as time went on and their members and indiscipline increased out of all bounds, they became a serious problem to the authorities. Denonville, Frontenac's predecessor, wrote of them: "You are aware, Monseigneur, that the *coureurs de bois* are a great evil, but you are not

[1] *Coureur* and *voyageur* are used interchangeably, though perhaps one might say that the first emphasizes the role of *trader*, the second of *explorer*.

aware how great this evil is. It deprives the country of its effective men; makes them indocile, debauched, and incapable of discipline, and turns them into pretended nobles, wearing the sword and decked out with lace. . . . As for cultivating the soil, they will not hear of it. This, along with the scattered condition of the settlements, causes their children to be as unruly as Indians, being brought up in the same manner." Nor did the *coureur* set a good example to the Indian. "What hope can we have of bringing the Indians to Christ," wrote a Jesuit missionary, "when all the sinners of the colony are permitted to come here and give Christianity the lie by an open exhibition of bad morals."

Faced by this problem, the government vacillated. On the one hand the *coureur* was necessary in order to organize and direct the fur-trade; moreover if the French did not control the beaver country, the English would. On the other hand, there was the growing demoralization of the colony, of the Indian, and of the forest trader himself. The *coureur* brought brandy to the Indian—if he had not the English would have brought rum—and concerning this gift of civilization to the savage a long struggle ensued between the church, honourably concerned to protect the Indian, and the Government whose practical concern it was to further the beaver trade. Inevitably the trader came into conflict with the Jesuit, whose cure was souls. By foreshortening history into a vignette of phantasy we can imagine two figures against the background of the wilderness, one in buckskin, one in a black robe, struggling like Ormuzd and Ahriman over the aboriginal soul of the Indian.[2]

Without a licence to trade (only twenty-five were issued),[3] Frenchmen were ordered to stay away from the Indian country on pain of being whipped and branded for a first offence and sent to the galleys for life for a second. But in Quebec church and state were frequently at odds over the granting of licences. It was charged that the Governor issued unrecorded licences to his friends, that Frontenac hanged some *coureurs* and connived with others for his own profit. Furthermore, the authorities durst not be too severe lest the *coureur* take his pelts to Albany and abandon his country and even his church.

[2]See Carheil to Champigny (*Jesuit Relations*, LXV, p. 189).

[3]These licences were partible and could be sold in the market. Each licensee could send out twenty-five canoes, with three men to a canoe. Never exerting an effective control, they were revoked and then restored several times.

It is not difficult to understand the *habitant*'s temptation to burst out from the normal monotony of existence when escape was so easy. . . . In the colony he must live a laborious life whose sameness is relieved by feast days and by moments of extreme peril from that werewolf, the Iroquois. To be sure it is a healthy, simple existence, and during his lifetime a man can taste the pioneer's victory of wresting from the forest so many arpents of fruitful land. But, though he is better off than in France, he is still not his own master in the *côtes*. There is freedom in the air of New France, and yet New France is still old France; the peasant has not escaped from the feudalism of the old country though it holds him with a lighter hand. Church and state, though they do not oppress him, narrowly regulate his life. He must marry whether he will or no, and his morals are supervised with puritanical severity. He pays *cens et rentes* to a *seigneur* and a tithe to the church, though not more than he can afford. Democracy is undreamed of—except in the forest (but the forest is forbidden to him!). It is his destiny to clear the land and cultivate it, to rear a large family, grow old and die,—never quite his own master. It is the hard, disciplined life of a soldier of the soil.

But all the time the river highroad to the wilderness is only a stone's-throw away. The Norman peasant has Viking blood in his veins. A restless dreamer at times, like all men, he can picture in his mind's eye the *pays d'en haut*—"the country up there"—unfolding like a scroll: green oceans of sky-shouldering pine overwhelming the sky line, great lakes, and undiscovered waterways. The river is an artery of freedom (sometimes of licence too!). There is no *seigneur* "up there," no tithe, no law save that of the survival of the fittest. The horizon moves westward and there is room beyond it for a man who has been possessed by his few laborious acres to possess a whole virile world of his own. . . . We need not condone this mass flight from responsibility, but we can understand it.

III

What is it to be a *coureur?*

To be a *coureur* is to be a "handy man" of the wilderness: explorer, interpreter, guide, and soldier. The *coureur* is a master woodsman who knows the lore of hunting and fishing and can read the signs of the forest. He knows the twists and turns of the trading routes: to Sault Ste-Marie, for instance, by way of the

Ottawa; a journey of twenty-five days, with thirty-five portages and fifty *décharges* where goods are carried and the canoe towed. At a pinch he can cover one hundred and fifty miles by canoe in forty-eight hours. When he meets the Iroquois he knows whether he is wearing the war paint; indeed he can give the war-whoop himself, and he knows how to use a scalping-knife. He must match the Indian in woodcraft. He can lace snowshoes or build the great canoe, curved at prow and stern, twenty-eight feet long, to carry fourteen souls, savage or French, or twenty hundredweight: strips of birch-bark are peeled from saplings with hot water and sewn with spruce roots; cedar ribs to a thickness of three crowns are enchased in head bars, and there are cedar floors and gunwales; the canoe is twenty inches deep and four and a half feet wide in the middle; every night the bark must be patched with resin, for the *coureur* is not merely, as the Jesuit writer puts it, a finger's breadth from death, but the breadth of a few sheets of paper-thin bark. The *coureur* is a man of swift expedients. He knows how to make himself comfortable, or if that is impossible, how to sleep anywhere: on balsam boughs in a bark hut reeking with smoke, in an abandoned wolf trap, inside or under a canoe, or, as Radisson says quaintly, "with the breech in the water": "It is a strange thing, when victuals are wanting, [to] work whole nights and days, lye down on the bare ground, and not always that hap, the breech in the water, the feare in the buttocks, to have the belly empty, the weariness in the bones and drowsiness of the body by the bad weather you are to suffer."

To be a *coureur* he must know how to deal with the Indian. He must know his customs, speak his language, and understand him as a practical man must understand the habits and prejudices of men different from himself with whom he must trade and whom, since the *coureur* is a kind of liaison officer of commerce, he must organize and conduct to the Beaver Fair at Montreal.[4] He is versed in the Indian's own art of oratory (the savage combined irony, gesture, and vivid metaphor, drawn from his own primitive life, to create a real art),[5] and sometimes with rough-and-ready

[4]The commercial status of the *coureur* varied. Sometimes he was an organizer of trade, paid on a commission basis by the monopolistic fur company. Sometimes he was a free trader. For facts about the size of loads, the *coureur*'s profit, etc., see La Hontan, Parkman, W. B. Munro, *The Coureur de Bois* (Massachussetts Historical Society, 1923-4), and books on the fur-trade.

[5]See Radisson's speech to the Crees, quoted in part near the end of this essay.

diplomacy he must compose the quarrels of rival tribes. He must eat the Indian's food even though it be rotten fish or lichen, or corn chewed fine for all to eat by gat-toothed hags whose "cheeks hang down like an old hunting dog's."[6] In fact he must live with the savage upon terms of equality while at the same time preserving his prestige as a white man. . . . The Jesuits rightly charged that the *coureur* was no paragon of morality, but it would be an error to suppose that the *coureur* was a successful captain of redskin commerce solely by dint of debaunching the savage with strong drink. His livelihood, his very life, depended on a certain measure of justice in his dealings with the Indian, as well as upon his firmness and personal courage.

To be a *coureur de bois* is to be a *coureur de risques*, as La Hontan puts it. It is to be "within two finger lengths of death from famine, pestilence, or forest fire." Death lies in wait at the saults and in that sump-pit of hell, the muskeg. There is the unfriendly tribe to be appeased, and perhaps at the next portage the Iroquois is lying in ambush, hoping to get a scalp to sell to the English for fifty francs.[7] Nor is death the only risk he must run. In the twinkling of an eye he may lose all his pelts by theft or wreck; or back in civilized Europe a change in the fashion to low crowned castors may ruin the fur business. His life is a gamble played with brutal rules. Its symbol is that pack of playing cards made from human skin by some *coureur*, which to this day may be seen in the museum of the Château de Ramezay.

The forest had its charm, but it was no garden of Greek delights; *okis* and *manitous* were its dryads. Lying at night, as the custom often was, in the canoe tethered at the margin of the forest's shadow, the *coureur*, rough peasant though he might be, must sometimes have felt that he moved less among men than among presences. No human sounds broke the silence, only the lapping of waves, the chirr of crickets, and the howl of the lone wolf. The wilderness was a brooding leviathan, devoid of any civilized traditions in which a man could hide from himself; its loneliness conferred a certain freedom at the cost sometimes of slavery of another kind. It is not surprising to learn that frequently the *coureur* succumbed

[6]Radisson, *Voyages*. On sources of text see below, fn. 12.

[7]Fifty-one French livres, to be exact. In Quebec an Iroquois scalp brought 30 francs. Some scholars to the contrary, the white man did not teach scalping to the Indian. See Champlain, *Voyages*.

to savage beliefs in demons, tutelars, and dreams. A certain episode of the siege of Quebec is illuminating. On the eighteenth of July the British captured a *coureur de bois* who was naked, daubed red and blue, and adorned with a bunch of painted feathers dangling from the top of his head. Wolfe himself issued an order forbidding "the inhuman practice of scalping except when the enemy are Indians, *or Canadians dressed like Indians*."[8]

Except in war-time when the *coureur* was mobilized to lead the van against the Iroquois or the British, the civilized community saw only the worst side of him. It saw him arrive at the Beaver Fair in Montreal after months of hardship in the forest, ripe for deviltry and wild gaiety. Dressed in his *robe de cérémonie*, a leather tunic fringed with scalp locks, or perhaps half naked, like his Indian companions, he drew up his canoes on the water front, where the merchants scrambled for the best trading points, those nearest the shore. There was a ceremony at which the Governor sometimes addressed the Indians; and as soon as the trading, whether for money or goods, had been concluded the young hellions among the *coureurs* emulated the Indians in a roaring carousal during which gambling and drunkenness turned the godly little town into a miniature inferno. "Such of 'em as are married," says La Hontan,[9] "have the wisdom to retire to their own houses; but the batchelors act just as our East-India men and pirates are wont to do; for they lavish, eat, drink, and play all away as long as the goods hold out; and when these are gone, they e'en sell their embroidery, their lace, and their clothes. This done, they are forc'd to go upon a new voyage for subsistence." . . . Ville Marie had been founded "for the conversion of the savages of New France in the Island of Montreal," and the Sulpician Seminary with its honourable motto *hic evangelizabantur Indi* presided over the town. But the earnest Sulpicians were powerless to control either the *coureur* or his canoe-mate the savage, and the white man's gift to the redskin during his brief visit to the fair was not the Christian evangel but French brandy, "made of hearts and tongues."[10]

The adventurer is usually prodigal and the *coureur* squandered

[8]Italics are mine. See Parkman's *Montcalm and Wolfe*. Parkman remarks that in the use of the scalping-knife the New England ranger was not far behind the *coureur*.

[9]Ed. 1703. Spelling altered.

[10]An Indian, quoted by Schoolcraft.

his money in the Settlement as readily as he squandered his youth and strength in the wilderness. Soon he bought his powder and lead and his pack of trade articles—needles, necklaces, bracelets, little bells, combs, vermilion, and tin looking-glasses—and returned to the wilderness; and thither he returned again and again till hardship wore him out before his time. For over a century the annals of New France recorded the brief reappearances of the *coureur* from the fabulous *pays d'en haut* to this outmost bastion of civilization—until at length he and all his race vanished with the frontier.

IV

Let us narrow the focus of history upon a single individual, Pierre Esprit Radisson, the pattern of that restless breed of far-wanderers who, unlike him, left few written records. Radisson came to the new colony in 1651, as a youth of sixteen, in order to settle at Three Rivers. But to settle anywhere was not his destiny; indeed his assertion, "I resolved to travel and see countreys," is in one form or another the refrain of his memoirs. He arrived at just the right age to serve a harsh apprenticeship for the wilderness as a Mohawk captive (more of that presently). After escaping he made three or four[11] remarkable voyages by forest trail and canoe to the ill-fated Jesuit mission among the Onondagas, "into the great and filthy Lake of the Hurons" (his own phrase), to the Mississippi, to the prairies, to the Great Northwest, and possibly to James Bay. During the voyages to the west, Radisson with his brother-in-law and *fidus Achates*, Médard Chouart, Sieur des Groseilliers, combined *coureur*-fashion, the roles of explorer, fur-trader, and diplomat to the *barbares*, as Radisson likes to call the

[11]1657-8 (Onondagas), 1658-60 (the Mississippi and the prairies), 1661 (the Northwest and James Bay). It has been suggested that certain discrepancies in the dates of his "Third Voyage" of 1658-60 are due to the fact that he combined the events of that journey with those of a journey which he may have made in the years 1654-6, of which there is no other written record except a reference in the *Jesuit Relations* (1656-7-8) to "two Frenchmen" who in 1656 came to the Green Bay region. To discuss the knotty problems of how far Radisson penetrated west of the Mississippi and of whether the "mighty river, great, rushing, profound and comparable to the St. Lawrence" (*Jesuit Relations*, 1660), reached by him in 1659, was the Mississippi at its junction with the Missouri, or north of that junction—is not within the scope of this essay. For bibliography on these and other problems see the article on Radisson in the *Oxford Encyclopaedia of Canadian History*, also the *Jesuit Relations* and the sources mentioned by Laut (*Pathfinders of the West*, pp. xiii-xv, 179).

Indians. In 1663, D'Avaugour, the Governor of New France, instead of rewarding the two *voyageurs* for their discovery, fined them exorbitantly. Radisson looked to France for redress and, failing to get it, presently shifted his allegiance to England in order to lead a fur-trading expedition to Hudson Bay. Thereafter, for twenty years he was the principal figure in the epic struggle between France and England for the control of the northern fur empire, a struggle in which the Hudson's Bay Company's motto *pro pelle cutem* often took on a grim, Hebraic significance.

But we select Radisson as the typical *coureur* not because he has a page of his own in history, but rather in spite of that fact: not because he was the discoverer of the Upper Mississippi and the Great Northwest, nor because he may or may not have been the first white man to reach James Bay overland, nor because he was in a very real sense the founder of the Hudson's Bay Company, nor because, a courtier in buckskin so to speak, he made suit to the royal court of Charles II, nor because it was his fantastic destiny to serve England against France, then France against England, then England again (a soldier of fortune or, tilting the point of view, a renegade)—these matters of history here concern us less than the fact that this Frenchman, who carried adventure in his bullet pouch, was the prototype of the whole hardy, unstable race of *coureurs de bois*.

Moreover Radisson wrote in the first person the quaintest book of travel in Canadian literature, a vivid, naïvely personal and realistic farrago, written in broken English that somehow contrives to have a Jacobean flavour in spite of its "scalped" syntax. The *Voyages*[12] of this forest Sinbad ring with the whoop of the savage and the cry of the timber wolf at night. To open the book at the First Voyage and follow young Radisson into his strange captivity among the "Iroquoites" is to see a reckless boy maturing under the

[12] *Voyages of Peter Esprit Radisson* (Prince Society, Boston, 1885). The manuscript, written in handwriting that is not illiterate (see illustration in Kellogg, *Early Narratives of the Northwest*), may have been read by King Charles II. It was preserved among the papers of Samuel Pepys. The *Voyages* should be re-edited and made available to the general public. Besides Radisson's four voyages before 1664, this volume includes his account of two voyages to Hudson Bay in 1682-3 and 1684 (the latter in French). In quoting Radisson I have altered his spelling a little, and his syntax very slightly here and there in order to make his Frenchman's English more easily understood, but without tampering with the meaning.

pressure of terrible experiences into the authentic figure of the *coureur*, shrewd, headstrong, ruthless, enduring, and adaptable; capable of treachery under provocation, capable too of loyalty and kindness.

V

One spring morning in 1652 three reckless youths, tired of being cooped up in Three Rivers, decided to go hunting in the marshes across the St Lawrence. Only a few miles away, like an arrow shot at the bosom of New France, was the Richelieu River, the natural sally-port of the Mohawk Iroquois when they were afoot for human game. "The French had warred with a wild nation called the Iroquoites," Radisson explains, "who for that time were so strong and so to be feared that scarce anybody durst stirre out [of] either cottage or house without being taken and killed, saving that he had nimble limbs to escape their fury." Young Radisson durst, though he records that his nose bled, doubtless in warning of blood about to be spilt; and when, presently, his two companions became fearful and wanted to return, Radisson laughed at them scornfully and went his arrogant way alone whither his fancy led him, it "being impossible for us to avoid the destinies of ye heavens."

Nemesis soon overtook his pride. Returning home he had almost arrived within shouting distance of the fort when he stumbled upon the remains of his erstwhile companions, now lying naked, scalped, and mutilated among the quiet weeds at his feet. Seldom had death sent a more sinister herald, and the youth at once understood the mute message. Stooping, he made for the water's edge in order to hide among the rushes. Instantly a circle of baleful heads with soot-smeared scalplocks and paint-daubed faces reared themselves like cobras, above the rushes. Loading as he ran, Radisson plunged through the reedy muck as a man in a nightmare flees from the malignant apparitions of his own imagination. The crashing of muskets confirmed his fear, but he mastered it and fired back at them "confidently," a foolhardy act though a brave. He was knocked senseless. Perhaps his reckless courage saved his life; for courage is one of the few virtues the savages honoured in their enemies. At any rate, though the Mohawks showed him two bloody scalps, they did not take his own. A brave man, they may have thought, makes a good subject for the game played at the stakes back in the Mohawk village, with braziers and red-hot tomahawks. (They were Satan's own minions at that game!)

For the time-being they treated him well. They gave him some of their "half-boiled, stinking meat," and when he could not stomach it, they provided Indian meal browned on burning sand and powdered between rocks. Then they combed and greased his hair and daubed red paint on his face, Indian fashion. That night he slept between two braves; he tells us that he counted the stars between holes in his blanket. "I slept a sound sleep," he adds simply, and knowing the man we may believe that that is not mere bravado; in fact he relates a dream he had in which he thought he was drinking beer happily back in Three Rivers with the Jesuits. Next day the Indians embarked and flaunted themselves in full view of Three Rivers, whooping and firing muskets. "My spirit," says Radisson, "was troubled with an infinite deale of thoughts, but all to no purpose for the ease of my sicknesse; sometimes despairing, now againe in some hopes. My resolution was so mastered with feare, that at every stroake of the oares of these inhumans I thought it to be my end."

Now followed the days and nights of his journey to the Mohawk village. For three days Radisson was tied to the thwart of a canoe, though otherwise they did not treat him ill; indeed they gave him the meat with the fewest worms in it and exhorted him: "*Chagon!*—be of good cheer," and showed him how to make the war-whoop. Radisson was of good cheer and when, after the third day, they unbound him and taught him to paddle as an Indian paddles, without waste motion, he sang his French songs to them. Did he sing *A la claire fontaine*, and what did the Indians make of it? He tells us that they listened in silence. Presently, rousing the hope that he was to be adopted into the tribe, "the young men tooke delight in combing my head, greasing and powdering on a kinde of redd powder, then tying my haire with a redd string of leather like to a cord which caused my haire to grow longer in a short time." They showed him the fine result in a tin looking-glass. "I, viewing myself all in a pickle, smeared with redd and black, covered with such a cappe [scalplock], and my locks tied up with a piece of leather . . . could not but fall in love with myself, if I had not had better instructions to shun the sin of pride."

On reaching Lake Champlain the warriors took the sweat bath as a ritual of purification from which they emerged free of all blood guilt; this ingenious and salutary ceremony was purely spiritual in character and did not interfere with the tangible possession of

several blood-caked scalps. They went on. Radisson was struck by an Indian, and was told to defend himself. He needed no urging and the two fought like wild cats. "We clawed one another with hands, tooth and nailes. My adversary being offended I have gotten the best, he kick't me; but my french shoes that they left me were harder than his." They wrestled and Radisson put the savage down. The Mohawks cheered him.

Now followed the ordeal at the village. Which was it to be—death by torture, or merely torture? Of torture, at any rate, he felt pretty certain. But it took luck to become a *coureur*, and Radisson was lucky. The tribe swarmed forth to greet the victorious braves and, as the custom was, men, women and children formed in two lines armed with clubs, scourges, and leather bags filled with stones. Young Radisson, unshackled as a reward for his bravery, sped through the howling, surging crowd and reached the end of the line unhurt amid cheers and laughter. There a Huron woman, who had been adopted into the tribe, took him and led him to her cabin and gave him food and rest. Presently he was summoned to the Council Lodge for judgment, where "there were a company all smoking." The old woman pleaded for him. "They answered with a loud *ho!* then she took her girdle and about me she tyed it, so brought me to her cottage.". . . After some weeks he was given a name, Orimha, and adopted in place of a slain son by the old woman and her husband, a sturdy old savage whom Radisson always refers to as "Father" and whom he sincerely liked and admired. ("Father had killed 19 men with his own hands, whereof he was marked on his right thigh for as many as he had killed. . . . He was aged 3 score years old, he was talle and of an excellent witt for a wild man.") Now among Indians the giving of a new name was a rite which magically altered a man's nature: the former Pierre Esprit Radisson was now Orimha, the Mohawk, though still in bondage for all that. He was decked in wampum, paint and feathers by his new sisters, feasted on beaver and moose and taken into the tribe. "Then my father made a speech with many demonstrations of vallor, and broke a kettle full of sagamite with a hatchett. . . . *Chagon*, Orimha!"

But Orimha was still Radisson, the Frenchman. Early in the autumn he made an attempt to escape. His mother had given him a sack of meal, three pairs of shoes, and his gun, and he had gone off on a hunting expedition with three Mohawks. One day they

came upon an Algonquin who, like Radisson, was a Mohawk captive. Late that night Frenchman and Algonquin held a whispered colloquy. "Do you love the French?" asked the Algonquin guardedly. "Do you love the Algonquin?" returned Radisson-Orimha. "Brother," said the Algonquin, taking courage, "let us escape! . . . Will you live like a Huron in bondage, or have your liberty with the French? Let us kill all three tonight when they are asleep!" Here was a terrible dilemma for a seventeen-year-old lad to solve. True, he had seen his friends hideously slaughtered by the Mohawks; but, still, these Mohawk braves trusted him, they had dipped hands in the same kettle and they slept at his side. Radisson hung back until the Algonquin thrust a tomahawk into his hand; then he chose freedom—and murder. "I was sorry to have been in such an encounter, but it was too late to repent." This was the first of those grim decisions forced upon him by the wilderness, which were to make him the man he became —resolute, crafty, unscrupulous, though never wantonly or cruelly wicked.

Like Odysseus, blown back from the shores of Ithaca, Radisson was recaptured almost within sound of the church bells of Three Rivers; it was many a long month before he again set eyes upon that town. This time he had little reason to hope for mercy and the ominous treatment given to him and to the other captives of the war-party, promised none. Every night the prisoners were pegged out on the ground: body tied to a post, elbows trussed to knees, head and legs caught in a kind of stocks. (*Faire le veau* was the contemporary slang term the *coureurs* had for this Indian way of securing a prisoner.) Radisson had to puff and blow all night to protect himself from the flies and mosquitos. Vengeance awaited him "at home" in the Mohawk village—vengeance, and also in the breast of one wrinkled Indian woman (a mother of three sons, two "killed in the warres"), that desperate affection for her son, Orimha, which is common to all mankind, savage or civilized. She was to save Radisson's life.

This time he was to run the gauntlet shackled. Let Radisson tell the story in his own words: "Who would not shake at the sight of so many men, women and children armed with every sort of instrument: staves, hand irons, heelskins wherein they put half a score of bullets? Others had brands, rods of thorn, and all such-like. . . . Here no help, no remedy. We must pass this dangerous

passage in our extremity, without help. He that is the fearfullest, or that is observed to stay the last, gets nothing by it but more blows. . . . We, marching one after another, environed with a number of people . . . witness that sight which may be called the image of hell in this world. The men sing their fatal song [the Indian's defiant death song], the women make horrible cries, the victors cries of joy, and their wives make acclamations of mirth."

Held at the end of a long rope with only his legs free, hauled hither and thither at the will of "those cruels," Radisson perceived his "father and mother with their two daughters." This doughty old woman with a heart of gold "pushes in among the crew directly to me, and when she was near enough, she clutches hold of my hair as one desperate, calling me often by my name. Drawing me out of my rank, she puts me into the hands of her husband, who then bade me have courage, conducting me another way home to his cabin. . . . He said to me: 'You senseless, thou was my son, and then rendered thyself enemy . . . thou lovest not thy mother nor thy father that gave thee life [*sic*] and thou notwithstanding [that fact] wilt kill me (i.e., with grief).'" Then the old man tries to cheer him up: "Be merry! Conharrassan [his 'sister's' name], give him to eat."

But Orimha's ordeal was only begun. His tormentors burst into the cabin and haled him forth. "I must march, I must yield where force is predominant. . . . They made me go up to the scaffold where were five men, three women, and two children captives, and I made the eleventh." He was in time to see a Frenchman, exhausted by suffering, slump to the ground to be dispatched and scalped then and there. The fiendish howls of devils beat upon Radisson's ears, and before his eyes the lurid glow of braziers was reflected on the sweating bodies of captors and captives; he must have felt like a doomed soul looking into the pit of hell opened to receive him. But it was not to receive him. A thunderstorm drove his tormentors to shelter, so that only the Mohawk brats remained to pluck nails from the hands and feet of the prisoners. "These little devils seeing themselves all alone continued a thousand inventions of wickedness. This is nothing strange, seeing that they are brought up, and suck the cruelty from their mother's breast."

Here Radisson begins to tell of the tortures he witnessed during the ensuing hours: "They put into this fire hatchets, swords and such like instruments of iron. They take these and. . . ." But a

veil must be drawn over the sadism of the noble savage. Luck was with Radisson; he saw all—and what he saw he described with anatomical and anthropophagous detail—but he himself came off lightly with a charred thumb and soles, a skewered leg, the loss of four finger nails, and fingers chewed by the more promising younger members of the Mohawk tribe. . . . His father makes a great oration on his behalf; his mother brings gifts of wampum to redeem him, his father and his brother sing of their victories and then withdraw from the council; the old men, calumet in hand, medicine bag over shoulder, deliberate; Radisson, forspent, hardly cares whether he is to live or die. But presently his bonds are cut. *Chagon, Orimha!* He is to live.

A year of captivity remained. During these months he had to subdue the civilized Frenchman to the environment that held him in vice. Reading between the lines we may guess that Radisson was in some danger of becoming the Mohawk Orimha in fact as well as in name. Though in his later voyages he tells of baptizing many an Indian child, and though, like the good Catholic he doubtless tried to be, he purged his soul by confession and absolution, we may suspect that something of the nature of the Indian, in whom treachery to an enemy was a virtue and ruthlessness a condition of survival, crept into his character at this time. If the old saying "character is fate" ever applied to anyone, it does to Radisson. It was his fate to turn against his own countrymen after they had used him unjustly, just as it had been his fate to slay the trusting Mohawks who had shared his camp-fire and blankets. . . . Certain it is that he joined the Mohawks in their cruel forays against the Eries; probably he had small choice in the matter. Somewhere west of the Niagara River they came upon a group of men and women, fishing. Radisson says bluntly (he seldom spares himself): "We wagged [discussed] . . . the safest way to come unawares upon them, and like starved dogs or wolves devoured those poor creatures who in a moment were massacred. . . . Everyone of us had his head [scalp]." He relates more in the same vein. His and his brother's share of the booty was two slaves and four scalps.

To speak truth there is a good deal of deliberate bravado in Radisson's memoir. He will deliberately outstare the reader's horror as he himself had had to outstare horrors not read of but witnessed. He is an Othello of a peculiar sort who had seen

> . . . the cannibals that each other eat,
> The anthropophagi . . .

and wanted the stay-at-homes to know it! Doubtless there is a kind of scornful perverseness in his calm references to his booty of wampum, his slave and his "heads"; or, in a lesser way, to the stag dung he had had to boil with the meat to eke it out, "which made all very bitter."

Once, when he accompanied the Mohawks to Fort Orange, he could have escaped but—"I found many occasions to retire for to save myself but have not yet suffered enough to have merited my release." A curious remark! He tells us too that he had grown fond of his parents (small wonder!). Probably the visit to the Dutch did, after all, revive the white man in him for upon returning to the filth and barbarism of the Mohawk village he soon resolved to make his escape. "Nature itself," he writes quaintly, "reproached me for leading such a life, so that I remembered the sweet behaviour and mildness of the French, and considered with myself what end should I expect of such a barbarous nation, enemy to God and to man." Escape he finally did, running hour by hour down the forest trails toward the Dutch Settlement till at last he reached a settler's cabin; thence he went by way of New Amsterdam to Europe, returning to New France many months later by means of the fishing fleet—home to Ithaca.

Though still a boy in years Radisson's character had developed into a shrewd and restless maturity; it was not in his nature to settle down to a workaday existence in Three Rivers. The winter of 1657 found him at the Jesuit mission to the Onondagas. The French had formed an unstable peace with the Iroquois, though it had already been broken by Iroquois atrocities which might be an earnest of wholesale massacre to come. The appearance of friendship was preserved, but the French had had to retire to their stockade for safety. In the spring word came to them from a dying Mohawk that the savages intended to massacre half the little French force and keep the other half as hostages until twelve Mohawk hostages held in Quebec were released. How were they to escape? Radisson—the erstwhile Orimha—provided the answer.

Secretly the French constructed flat-bottomed boats large enough to run the spring rapids laden with ice. Meanwhile, Radisson prepared to make use of two Indian superstitions. He knew that to waste food when starvation was never far away was a

sin in their eyes; invited to take part in a *festin à tout manger* they must eat everything offered to them down to the last scrap for fear of offending those supernatural powers which surrounded them on every hand. He knew, too, that belief in dreams was an article of Indian faith. These two superstitions Radisson combined; he "dreamed a dream" which he then related to the Indians. He had dreamed, he told them, that the French were to give a great feast to the savages. The feast was held in the enclosure between the double walls of the fort. Kettle after kettle of mincemeat, duck, turtle, bear, venison, fish, eel, salmon and carp were brought in and consumed. The Iroquois ate with a will at first, then less willingly, and finally with groans and protests. Meanwhile, the French entertained their guests with music and song. "We see already several postures: the one beats his belly, the other shakes his head. . . . We bade them cheer up, and told them it was an usual custom with the French to make much of themselves and their friends. . . . 'Cheer up like brave men. If sleep overcomes you, you must awake! Come, sound drum. . . . Trumpet blow and make thy cheeks swell, to make the belly swell also.' '*Skenon*,' cry the Indians; 'Enough, we can bear no more.'" And Radisson retorts ironically, "*We* will cry *Hunnay*, we are going."

The Iroquois were soon lying in a stuporous sleep; a drugged sleep perhaps, Radisson does not say. But before they stole away an Indian thought occurred to the French: they had seen the Onondagas slaughter nearly a hundred Huron allies of the French only a few months previously; should they pay the Onondagas back in the same bloody wampum? But the Jesuits would have none of this. "So to be obedient to our superiors," writes Radisson, "without noise of trumpet or drum, but in zeal with grief, we left that place." As a final ironic touch one French ally was left on sentry beat in the inner fort—a hog, with a rope tied to his foot so that when the Onondagas pulled the rope for admission they would stir up the hog to its military duties. A week later the torpid Indians, suspicious at length of the porcine sentry, burst into the empty inner fort—too late.

The third and fourth voyages in Radisson's manuscript teem with graphic vignettes that tempt the imagination backward through centuries into the pagan wilderness. There is the picture of Radisson and Groseilliers building a fort in the *terra incognita* west of Lake Superior; the first fur-trading post in the Northwest

and the first of a long chain to be built across the continent. The fort is built of unbarked logs, with thatched branches for a roof and a hole in the top, Indian fashion, to let out the smoke. Through the thicket surrounding the fort cords are strung attached to bells, and gunpowder is twisted into tubes of birch-bark and planted round the fort so that the first savage visitors are greeted by a merry *feu de joie*: this is the white man's magic! . . . There is a picture of four hundred Cree Indians come to escort Radisson towards what is now Manitoba. "We were Caesars," writes Radisson. "There came above four hundred people to see us go away from that place, which admired more our actions than the fools of Paris to see enter their King and the Infanta of Spain, his spouse; for those cry out, 'God save the King and Queen!' but these make a horrid noise and call on Gods and Devills of the Earth and Heavens." Radisson, the far-wanderer, was no respecter of persons or crowds wherever they might be. At the French court about that time—and Radisson was to learn something of courts—history relates that the Duc de Guise commanded the maskers in a "quadrille des sauvages américains," wearing a casque with ostrich plumes three feet high, and a metal cuirass from which hung an assortment of snakes; but these Iroquois, Crees and Sioux were the real thing, and to be a *coureur* was no quadrille! And yet Radisson can write this of the *pays d'en haut*: "The country was so pleasant, so beautiful and so fruitful that it grieved me to see that the world could not discover such enticing countries to live in. This I say, because the Europeans fight for a rock in the sea against one another, or for a sterile land. What a conquest would this be! . . . What a pleasure should people have . . . instead of misery and poverty! . . . Surely, more is to be gained converting souls here than in differences of creed, when wrongs are committed under the pretence of religion."

Memory pictures throng to Radisson's pen. . . . To shame the Crees into braving the passage to Montreal in spite of the threat of Iroquois ambushes, he strikes a Cree across the shoulders with a beaver-skin and cries: "Will you fight the Iroquois with beaver pelts? Do you not know the French way? We fight with guns, not robes. The Iroquois will coop you up here till you have used all your powder and then dispatch you with ease! Shall your children be slaves because you are cowards?" . . . And there is a vivid picture of the two white men standing on the stricken fort

by the long sault where Dollard and his men had made their mortal stand against the Iroquois. The stockades gape with powder-blackened holes; not a tree but is riddled with bullets; charred bodies of Hurons strew the field outside the fort, and the bodies of Frenchmen, tied to posts along the riverside are caught and immobilized by death in their last struggles against their bonds.

During these last two voyages Radisson had gathered thousands of beaver pelts—and made history. The unknown frontier fled westward before the beat of his paddle. But we cannot linger over the tale of his discoveries nor over his epic exploits in Hudson Bay, where, an Alcibiades of the north, "he was destined," as one historian puts it, "to embroil the French and English in a protracted war for the possession of half a continent."[13] The destiny of the mature man was cradled in the reckless youth who watched the stars through the holes in a Mohawk blanket and then "slept a sound sleep."

When still a young man with the hot, rebellious blood running in his veins, a Governor of Quebec despoiled him of the greater part of a fortune in furs. "The bougre did grease his chopps with it!" says Radisson roundly. Denied redress he turned to England. . . . Thence "the weight of toils so many and so huge."

We hear of Radisson as an old man drawing a small pension from the Hudson's Bay Company. The last certain reference to his concerns is pathetic indeed. The Company's records inform us that in 1710 "the secretary is ordered to pay to Mr. Radisson's widow, as a charity, the sum of six pounds."[14] The creator of the Hudson's Bay Company died in poverty, sundered from his native land, and he lies in an unmarked grave. Radisson's story ends in the northern mist like the tale of that other wanderer of long ago who was pursued by the wyrds, the fates:

> *When the shadow of night falls wan, and wild is the rush of the hail . . .*
> *Hardship-full is the earth, o'erturned when the stark wyrds say:*
> *Here is the passing of riches, here friends are passing away;*
> *And men and kinsfolk pass, and nothing and none may stay;*
> *And all this earth-stead here shall be empty and void one day.*

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[13]T. J. Campbell, S.J., *Pioneer Laymen of North America.*

[14]*Ibid.*, I, p. 264. The M. Radisson with Tonty at Detroit in 1704 can hardly have been the explorer.

VI

But the earth-stead where Radisson and his kind lived their adventurous lives is not empty and void. The crudely sketched maps of those days, vivid records of so many leagues of *terra incognita* explored with toil and danger, are the real monument to the *coureur de bois*. The long-forgotten proper names, freshly coined from the mint of discovery, have a strange appeal to the imagination. *Mer Douce* (Lake Huron), *Lac de Saint Louis ou de Frontenac* (Lake Ontario), *Lac Tracy* (Lake Superior), *Lac du Chat* (Lake Erie), *Lac des Puans* (Lake Michigan), *Mer Christiane* (the Arctic Ocean)—these are names which, to the imaginative, echo the dip of the paddle and the trolling song of far-wanderers of another century when there were no factories, no mines, and no cities in the Kingdom of the Beaver.

THE STATE AND ECONOMIC LIFE IN FASCIST ITALY[1]

LORNE T. MORGAN

FASCISM results from economic crisis, a decline in parliamentarianism, and the threat of communism. In its origins it is a *petit-bourgeois* movement with a muddled programme, composed of a mixture of quasi-radical reforms and ultra-nationalism. The inconsistencies of this curious medley of contradictions, frequently referred to as National Socialism, are overlooked or forgotten in the worship of a blindly followed leader whose word is the final dictum on all matters. Fascism comes to political power by finally gaining the support, at first surreptitious, of large-scale capital interests, which see in it a potent weapon for the defence of the *status quo*. To begin with, it amply justifies the hopes and expectations of this group whose backing made its ascent to power possible. In so doing, however, it abandons the progressive planks of its earlier platform and ruthlessly suppresses the elements which advocated them. So much for its origins and early development.[2]

The question then arises: What is Fascism in its maturity? Italy has been chosen for study because it best exemplifies the logical working-out of the forces inherent in Fascism.

In the relation of the state to the economic life of Italy between 1922 and the present four periods can be distinguished. The first, from the inauguration of Fascism in 1922 to the beginning of the depression in 1929, may be called the period of non-intervention. The second, extending from 1930 to 1933, witnesses a large amount of involuntary and haphazard intervention; the results of the depression necessitate state action in the economic sphere, but that action is neither the result of preconceived planning, nor is it systematized in any way. The third period, covering 1934 and 1935, sees the state inaugurating a programme of clearly planned and closely correlated intervention, although intervention is still

[1]This study, the result of two years of research, was written and set up before Italy's entry into the war.

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[2]For a more detailed account, see the writer's "The Origins and Development of Fascism" (*Essays in Political Economy*, ed. H. A. Innis, Toronto, 1938, pp. 167-90).

generally regarded as an undesirable necessity inflicted upon the government by forces which it now endeavours systematically to control. In the fourth and final stage, extending from 1936 to the present, the government deliberately establishes, as an admittedly permanent policy, a planned economy which results in a high degree of what may best be termed State Capitalism.

I. THE PERIOD OF LAISSEZ-FAIRE

(i) *1922-9*

The years 1922 to 1929 were characterized by a reaction against the progressive legislation and government interference of the post-war period. The departure from the previous policy was clearly foreseen by industrialists, whose official mouthpiece, *Organizzazione Industriale*, wrote on November 1, 1922, two days after Mussolini set up his first government:

> The new régime is formed. Industrialists look to it with great hopes. Industrialists will support the programme of this régime with all their strength, for in it, for the first time after long years, a protection of the rights of property, the general obligation to work, a full valuation of the energy of the individual and of national sentiment are proclaimed energetically. It recognizes the importance and the great influence of a class which, if numerically insignificant, is devoted to its high task of preparing the economic re-birth of Italy.[3]

Mussolini showed that this confidence was not unwarranted when, addressing the International Congress of Chambers of Commerce in Rome on March 18, 1923, he promised that "the State would renounce its economic functions, and the Government would accord free play to free initiative and would abandon any interventionist legislation."[4]

In implementing its non-interventionist programme during the first seven years of its existence, the Fascist government restored certain state monopolies to private enterprise, eliminated its contribution to the unemployment insurance system, dropping agricultural workers from the scheme, and followed a policy of balancing its budget even at the expense of abandoning many relief projects. In 1924 the trade unions were placed under the supervision of the provincial prefects, and during the following twelve months workers' factory councils were eliminated. The year 1926 witnessed the end of all non-Fascist unions and the suppression of their press and

[3]Quoted by W. Ebenstein, *Fascist Italy*, New York, 1937, p. 32.
[4]Quoted by W. Elwin, *Fascism at Work*, London, 1934, p. 192.

political organizations. The next year saw the formulation of the famous Charter of Labour (*Carta di Lavoro*), embodying the political and economic philosophy of the Fascism of that period. Two articles, VII and IX, are of paramount importance. The key sentence of Article VII reads: "The Corporate State considers private enterprise in the field of production as the most efficacious and useful instrument for the furthering of the nation's interests"; that of Article IX reads: "The State intervenes in economic production only when private initiative is lacking or insufficient, or when the political interests of the State are at stake." These articles show clearly that *at that time* the Fascist conception of the state's relation to industry was substantially that held in other capitalist economies. The validity of this interpretation is proved by the words of Alfredo Rocco, Minister of Justice and an "intimate of Mussolini," who wrote: "The collective organization of production would mean the paralysis of production itself, for the moment the stimulus of personal interest was suppressed production would shrink continually, and become ever more expensive. This is the reason why Fascism rejects the collective organization of production and recognizes and protects individual property."[5] My emphasis on the non-interventionist policy of the state during this period is necessary because certain Fascist writers today attempt to justify present intervention on the basis of the Charter of 1927. True, certain of its articles say or hint that the interest of the state in production is of greater importance than that of individuals or groups of individuals. But non-Fascist governments maintain the same principle, and to attempt a theoretical justification of the Italian government's current economic policy on the basis of the Charter is to be guilty of a glaring *post facto* rationalization. The policy actually pursued by the government up to 1929 shows clearly that non-intervention was its guiding principle. Finer tersely summarizes the matter: "The whole spirit of the Charter of Labour is superficially regulated capitalism, with private property as its fundamental basis."[6] Finally, during this period the government followed a policy of easy credit and note expansion. The resultant over-expansion and speculation[7] ended in the crisis of 1926. There followed a revaluation of the lira, which brought about a period of deflation and depression ending in the spring of 1929.

[5] *Revue des Vivants*, Paris, July, 1927, p. 937, quoted by Elwin, *op. cit.*, p. 193.
[6] H. Finer, *Mussolini's Italy*, New York, 1935, p. 502.
[7] Cf. W. G. Welk, *Fascist Economic Policy*, Cambridge, 1938, p. 162.

(ii) *1930-3*

The world depression ushered in the second period of the Fascist régime. That catastrophe struck the Italian economy a devastating blow, proving beyond a doubt that Fascism offered no more resistance to the onslaught of depression than capitalist economies elsewhere. From 1929 to 1932 the index of industrial production fell from 109.2 to 80.5, imports from 21.3 billion lire to 7.4 billion, and exports from 14.8 to 5.9 billion lire; and the number of unemployed increased from 300,787 to 1,018,953—a phenomenal jump considering the relatively small industrial population of Italy. The effects on the population are perhaps best indicated in the words of Mussolini to the Senate on December 18, 1930: "Fortunately the Italian people have not yet accustomed themselves to eat several times a day, and in consequence of their yet humble standard of living, they feel the privations and sufferings less acutely."[8] The result of this situation was that in Italy, as elsewhere, an otherwise non-interventionist government was forced, because of circumstances beyond its control, to interfere extensively in the economic life of its people. A wide system of public works was inaugurated, involving land reclamation on an ever-increasing scale, the construction of roads, bridges, public buildings, and hydro-electric plants, the electrification of state-owned railroads, and numerous other projects. Finance and industry received much direct financial aid through newly-created governmental bodies that have since been called "parastatals" (*parastatali*). The Società Finanziaria Italiana (*Sofondit*) aided commercial banks loaded down with frozen industrial securities; industry received medium-term credits through the Istituto Mobiliare Italiano, while its long-term needs were looked after by the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale (I.R.I.). Aid was likewise extended to commerce, agriculture, shipping, and other interests. The formation of cartels (*consorzi*), encouraged by the government and even made compulsory on occasion, resulted in a considerable concentration of capital.[9] The increased productive capacity of industry, by means of either plant extension or the construction of new units, was rigorously supervised and definitely limited. In short, the years 1930 to 1933 saw widespread state intervention in the Italian economy. It cannot be too often

[8]Quoted by Elwin, *op. cit.*, p. 199.

[9]See further: C. T. Schmidt, "Concentration of Joint-Stock Enterprise in Italy" (*American Economic Review*, March, 1940).

repeated, however, that such interference was forced upon the government, was considered to be of a strictly temporary nature, and was in no sense the result of preconceived and premeditated planning. In other words, up to this point governmental action in Italy parallels that of the United States and other countries in combatting the worst depression in industrial history. The words of Gino Arias, well-known Fascist economist, professor in the University of Rome, and economic leader-writer for Mussolini's paper, *Il Popolo d'Italia*, substantiate this interpretation:

> One must first and foremost exclude the State or any public body, such as a syndicate or more important still a corporation, from taking upon itself the management of enterprises and thus excluding private enterprise or placing it in a thoroughly subordinate position. This would be in contradiction to the Carta di Lavoro. The discipline of economic relations entrusted to the syndicates and corporations is not planned to exclude competition by the establishment of open or masked monopolies. This would be the new road to Socialism.[10]

Or as Welk puts it: "In the vast majority of instances the measures taken by the Government to combat the depression were due, during this period also, not to the action of the syndicates or corporate organs but, primarily and almost solely, to the laws and decrees enacted at the initiative of the central government."[11] If the point is laboured, it is because the intervention of this period is now sometimes attributed to the development of what Fascists choose to call the Corporate State. While it is perfectly true that the Corporate State does now openly and purposefully control and even operate a substantial percentage of the Italian economy, the earlier intervention resembles the later development neither in purpose nor in form. The distinction between the two phases is necessary to a proper appreciation of the growth of Fascist economics.

(iii) *1934-5*

Unfortunately, even the emergency intervention, described above, failed to stem the tide of general economic recession. The visible trade balance continued highly unfavourable. Worse still, invisible exports dwindled ever more rapidly: tourist income dropped from 2.1 billion lire in 1929 to a scant 800 million in 1932, while emigrant remittances fell from 2.1 billions to 900 millions in the same period, and the sale of freight and shipping services

[10]Quoted from *Il Popolo d'Italia*, April 18, 1933, by Ebenstein, *op. cit.*, p. 164.
[11]*Op. cit.*, p. 171.

declined from 1.1 billion to 500 million.[12] Since Italy has a heavy chronic excess of imports over exports and few foreign investments, this meant an outflow of gold and the weakening of lira reserves. As a result, the Bank of Italy was forced to sell three-quarters of its foreign holdings and to import, in eleven months of 1933, 1.3 billion lire in gold. At this juncture the government embarked on a really drastic programme of intervention, which resembled that of the earlier period in being conceived of as temporary only, but which differed from it in being highly centralized, co-ordinated, and systematized.

Decrees of May, November, and December, 1934, established absolute governmental control in the field of foreign exchange. The National Institute of Foreign Exchange was placed in charge of all exchange operations. Italian individuals and firms were required to report to the Bank of Italy all holdings of foreign exchange. The export of all lira notes and securities and the purchase of foreign securities were forbidden. Other decrees and laws produced a revolutionary change in Italy's foreign trade policy. The principles of bi-lateral agreements and bi-lateral balances of trade were adopted, and some seventeen agreements with foreign nations were signed in the first nine months of 1934. Many essential imports were subjected to licences and restricted to definite quotas. In addition, the government introduced a far-reaching policy of direct price-control. Interest rates were forced down. Decrees lowered rents 12 to 15 per cent. Further action drastically reduced wages: the government cut the salaries of certain categories of its own employees, in some cases by as much as 20 per cent; the "April Agreement" reduced industrial wages some 7 per cent; the Pirelli-Cianetti Agreement brought about the change from a 48 to a 40 hour week (which, since wages are based on wage-rates, was the equivalent of a further reduction of some 16 per cent), abolished the principle of overtime, and wherever possible replaced women and children by adult male labour. Onslaughts on the cost of living reduced the prices of a number of food commodities 2 to 10 per cent, and clothing prices 5 to 10 per cent.

Government intervention in the field of industry made notable advances. *Parastatali* increased in number and activity, and a more direct control made itself felt in certain key industries, notably in silk, sulphur, and petroleum. In May and June the government

[12] W. G. Welk, *op. cit.*, tables on p. 204, and p. 205 fn.

established twenty-two Corporations, one for each important branch of the Italian economy. These are government organs created for the purpose of the "collective regulation of economic matters." Their personnel consists of representatives of the government, the Fascist party, and the syndical organizations representing employers and workers, and varies from 16 in the smallest to 69 in the largest Corporation. The total personnel of the twenty-two Corporations approximates 800 representatives. Their work is supervised by the National Council of Corporations, and especially by its Central Corporative Committee, and by the Ministry of Corporations.

In spite of the marked increase in state intervention, the unfavourable trend continued throughout 1934. That year produced a negative trade balance of some 2.4 billion lire, and the Bank of Italy lost another 1.28 billion in gold. The government responded in 1935 by further centralizing and extending its intervention. The last vestige of freedom in foreign trade disappeared and the quota system was widely extended; imports of coal, coke, tin, nickel and copper became government monopolies, and certain other basic raw materials could be imported only by specially authorized bodies. Equally drastic changes occurred in the field of finance: in May all holders of foreign credits and Italian securities issued abroad were called upon to deposit them with the Bank of Italy, which collected the dividends due and paid Italian owners in lire; in July the 40 per cent lira gold clause was abrogated; in August all firms and individuals were forced to convert their foreign holdings into domestic Treasury Bonds, dividends were limited and taxed 10 per cent, while undistributed dividends had to be treated as a special reserve, invested in state securities and not touched for three years; October saw the importation of lire forbidden except by tourists, who were allowed to bring in two thousand in bills of large denominations. In short, during the years 1934 and 1935, state intervention in the Italian economy assumed unprecedented proportions. Resulting as it did from a continuance and deepening of the economic emergency, it was still viewed by the government as in large part a temporary expedient only. But unlike the intervention of the previous period, it was now planned, systematized, and highly centralized. It must also be observed that the development so far described took place prior to the Ethiopian war and

sanctions, and was completely unrelated to either of those phenomena—a point frequently glossed over by Fascists today.

The Ethiopian war and the resultant application of sanctions by fifty-two nations struck Italy a smashing blow. The war cost, to June 30, 1937, an estimated 29.6 billion lire. The sanctions resulted in a decline of 44 per cent in exports and 25 per cent in imports, and a further loss of 1.45 billion lire in gold. In addition, tourist income, remittances from abroad, and foreign credits were greatly curtailed. December, 1936, saw the gold reserves behind the lira drop to less than 15 per cent in pre-devaluation lire. The marvel is that the country survived. Undoubtedly only her rigidly controlled economy, plus the fact that certain important nations did not apply sanctions, saved Italy from complete collapse.

Sanctions and the Ethiopian war usher in the latest and most important phase of the Italian Fascist State. This period sees the development of centralized and systematized control and planning as *permanent* features of the Italian economy, and the rapid growth of a high degree of State Capitalism.

II. THE PERIOD OF STATE CAPITALISM

(i) *The Regulative Plan*

The year 1936 marks the turning-point in the economic history of Italy under Fascism. The change in the economic policy of the government was announced by Mussolini in his all-important "Regulative Plan for the New Italian Economy," commonly referred to as the "Campidoglio Speech," delivered on March 23 of that year, and described in an editorial note as "of a fundamental character."[13]

In that plan Mussolini stated that, since political autarchy was impossible without a certain amount of economic autarchy, the government intended, from that date on, "to realize in the shortest possible time the greatest possible amount of autonomy in the economic life of the nation." A thorough inventory of national resources was the essential first step, to be followed by the application of science and technique. With reference to agriculture, handicraft and small-scale industry, and internal commerce, the new plan involved no fundamental change; they would continue to be aided and regulated by the state, but their actual operation

[13]See "Il Piano regolatore della nuova economia italiana" in Benito Mussolini, *Scritti e Discorsi*, Milano, 1936, X, pp. 51-64.

would be left largely to private enterprise. Foreign trade had already "become a function direct or indirect of the state." Likewise, credit and financial institutions were even then "logically" under the direct control of the state, since they are "for a thousand reasons absolutely within the province of the state." It was in connection with large-scale industry that the really radical departure from the traditional was to appear. Large joint-stock enterprises, connected directly or indirectly with national defence, and others which posed social problems

> will be constituted into great units corresponding to those called the key-industries and will assume a special character in the orbit of the state. The effectuation of this process in Italy will be facilitated by the fact that the state already possesses, through the I.R.I. [L'Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale], large blocks and in some cases the majority of the share capital of the principal groups of industries which are concerned with the defence of the nation. . . . These industries—because of their character, their volume, and their decisive importance for war purposes—are emerging from the confines of private economy *to enter the field of state or semi-state economy*.[14] What they produce has a single buyer—the state. We are proceeding towards a period in which these industries will neither have the time nor be able to work for private consumption, but will have to work exclusively or almost exclusively for the forces of the nation.

In some cases these industries were to be operated directly by the state, in others indirectly; in still others the state would participate as a partner of individuals in the joint operation of an industry; finally, there were certain cases in which the state would confine itself merely to effectively controlling the enterprise. The declaration, which had "traced out . . . along broad lines what will be tomorrow the panorama of the nation from the economic point of view," claimed that, while the plan did not involve complete state operation of industry, it did involve such operation where the security and the existence of the nation were concerned. The history of active state participation in the Italian economy since the spring of 1936 has amply fulfilled the predictions of the Head of the Government.

(ii) *Banking and Finance*

The drastic bank legislation of March 12, 1936, preceded the Campidoglio Speech by just eleven days. It established an "Inspectorate for the Defence of Savings and the Exercise of Credit," which is headed by the Governor of the Bank of Italy and

[14] Italics mine.

is responsible only to a ministerial committee composed of Mussolini himself, the Ministers of Finance, Corporations, and Agriculture, and the Governor of the Bank of Italy. The inspectorate supervises and controls all banks and other savings institutions of the kingdom, their interest rates, advances, practices, and investment policy; all stock and bond issues of such institutions; all security issues and other capital increases by joint-stock companies which are effected through banking and credit institutions; all stock exchanges and all issues listed thereon. That is to say, the inspectorate has, subject to the supervision of the ministerial committee above mentioned, complete and absolute control over the credit and credit institutions of Italy. No parallel exists among capitalist states, with the possible exception of Germany—significantly enough another fascist state.

Secondly, the legislation of March 12 definitely established the Bank of Italy as a public institution. Its shares were recalled and sold to banks, insurance companies, and welfare organizations, all of which are completely controlled, and many owned directly or indirectly, by the state. The bank gave up its private commercial banking, confining its activities to rediscounting for other banks and lending against certain securities.

Lastly, under this legislation, Italy's three largest commercial banks (the Banca Commerciale Italiano, the Credito Italiano, and the Banco di Roma) and the Monte dei Paschi di Siena were also declared public institutions. The majority of the share capital of at least the first three was already in the possession of I.R.I., a government-created and -owned holding company. Since the Banco di Napoli, the Banco di Sicilia, the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro, and the Istituto di S. Paolo di Torino were already public institutions, the legislation of March 12 established complete state control, and a very substantial degree of state *ownership*, of the credit-creating institutions of Italy.

(iii) *Industry: Control*

Equally drastic measures have resulted in a similar relationship between the government and industry. In this field state activity has been undertaken with a threefold objective in mind: the achievement of the maximum possible amount of economic independence (autarchy), complete and thorough-going rearmament, and a plan of extensive empire development. The necessary

refinancing and reorganization of Italian industry have resulted in a degree of state planning, control and operation of industry hitherto unparalleled among capitalist states in peace time.

The first and most widely publicized means of control is the so-called "corporate" organization of industry. The personnel of each industry in Italy is divided into two distinct groups of associations, representing respectively employers and employees. The local groups, known as syndicates (*sindicati*), are represented in regional, inter-regional, provincial, and inter-provincial units, which in turn have representation in national Federations. These Federations are grouped into nine great Confederations—one each for the employers and employees of Agriculture, Industry, Credit and Insurance, and Commerce; the ninth representing professional men and artists, for here there is no logical distinction between employer and employee. This complicated structure has the appearance of being democratic, but in actuality is quite otherwise. In the first place, absolute control is exercised *from the top downward;* and in the second, every official of the syndical organizations is appointed from above and must be approved by the Minister of Corporations, who is in constant touch with the Fascist party. In addition to this syndical structure, Italian industry is organized into twenty-two "corporations," one representing each important branch of industry. These corporations, established in 1934, are state *administrative* organs. Their personnel consists of representatives of the government, the Fascist party and certain syndical organizations, and in addition includes technical experts. Their chief function is to carry out the policy of the government with regard to industry. The National Council of Corporations, theoretically an economic parliament, includes government officials and representatives of the corporations and of certain syndical associations. Actually, since it is a large, unwieldy body composed of several hundred persons, its power is largely nominal; and an ever-growing percentage of its functions is performed by its small all-powerful Central Corporate Committee, and by the Ministry of Corporations—a state administrative department in charge of the Minister of Corporations.[15] Obviously such a highly centralized organization gives the Italian government a potent means of controlling the country's economy, and is representative only in so far as "repre-

[15]For a detailed description of the system of corporations see W. G. Welk, *Fascist Economic Policy*, Part II.

sentation by appointment" can be said to be really representative.

A second method of industrial control used by the government is the formation of *consorzi*, known elsewhere as trusts or "cartels." Membership may be either voluntary or compulsory, depending upon the government's desire in a particular case. The usual procedure is for the government to appoint certain officials who initiate action by summoning representatives of an industry to form a *consorzio*. The power of such an organization may be great or small, depending upon the circumstances. In July 1936, in conformity with its new policy, the government took legislative action which established its control over the country's *consorzi*. Under that legislation these bodies must report annually to the government on their aims and activities; they must submit their books to state officials at any time; and if the government so disposes, they may be temporarily suspended from operation or permanently dissolved. By such action every trust in the kingdom has been made subject to the absolute control of the government.

A third method of industrial control, and one reaching far beyond industry itself, is (although indirect) perhaps even more drastic than either of the two already described. This method is a thorough-going system of price-control.[16] In the pre-fascist, post-war period, most of the emergency price statutes passed during the World War were repealed. Exceptions were the statutes enforcing the display of signs denoting the price, quality and brand of goods offered for sale. The first fascist interference with the free pricing process occurred in October, 1924, when the government took action to curb the rapidly increasing price of bread. From that date until October, 1935, several efforts at price control were made; but they were in the main sporadic, unsystematized, decentralized, and applied only to a relatively small number of retail prices. Enforcement was equally haphazard, being attempted by numerous bodies including communal and syndical authorities, inter-syndical committees, the Fascist Federation of Merchants, and Party members. As might have been expected, a minimum of success resulted.

On October 16, 1935, the first attempts at centralized control appeared, when the Permanent Price Committee of the Party held

[16]For a detailed account of this development see Henry S. Miller, *Price Control in Fascist Italy*, New York, 1938.

its first session. War with Ethiopia had broken out, and the purpose of the committee was to keep the costs of that struggle down, to stamp out speculation, and to prevent a scarcity of goods. These new regulations originally applied to but twenty-one goods; and, though the list was later extended, regulation was confined to important consumption goods and related to retail prices only. Inter-syndical committees took charge of local enforcement.

On October 5, 1936, the government devalued the lira 40.94 per cent. By such action it hoped to increase the export of Italian goods and the income from tourist and freight services, and to curtail unnecessary imports. Since a theoretical compensating increase of over 50 per cent might be expected in the Italian price level unless action were taken to forestall it, there were accompanying efforts at price control. The same decree that devalued the lira prohibited increases in rates of water, gas, electric and transportation companies for two years, stabilized house rents for a similar period, and forbade hotels and pensions to increase prices until December 31 of that year. Other legislation reduced tariffs, imposed a 5 to 60 per cent tax on dividends to discourage speculation, and subjected real estate holdings to a 5 per cent capital levy. But it was left to the Permanent Price Committee of the Party to prevent a general increase in prices as a result of the devaluation. The Committee collected, from retailers, wholesalers, and industrialists, lists of prices prevailing in September, 1936. That is to say, for the first time there was an attempt to go behind purely retail prices. These prices were treated as basic, and no increase in them was allowed unless it could be proved to the satisfaction of the Committee that the costs of the commodity had gone up. Inter-syndical committees, local authorities, and Party members enforced the ensuing price lists. There is no question that the efforts of the Committee succeeded to a remarkable extent, for while the prices of certain imported goods increased over 50 per cent between September, 1936 and March, 1937, wholesale prices of domestically produced goods jumped but 10.9 per cent, retail food prices increased but 6.2 per cent, and the cost of living index went up only 5.1 per cent. But Party control is purely political control. In an attempt to give it an economic basis, the Central Corporate Committee of the National Council of Corporations, on April 28, 1937, took complete charge of price control. Since then the Central Corporate Committee, working through the twenty-two corpora-

tions, has made a definite attempt at a scientific approach to the numerous complex problems involved in price fixing. Underlying costs of production are considered in the establishment of "just" prices, and maximum price lists are issued on the basis of the studies. Thus price control, like all other forms of state economic activity in Italy, began as a temporary, unscientific expedient to meet a problem of the moment, and has slowly evolved into a systematic, centralized, and integral part of the fascist economy.

Today, price control affects every aspect of the Italian economic structure. It extends far beyond the prices charged the consumer by the retailer, the retailer by the wholesaler, and the wholesaler by the industrialist. Wages are fixed by agreements between employers' and workers' federations in each industry. Rents are established by decrees. State-controlled private trusts monopolize many raw materials, and not infrequently allot them to manufacturers. Foreign trade and foreign exchange are now state functions. Power charges are fixed, and interest rates completely controlled by the state. Profits themselves are in reality residual payments to the owners of industrial enterprises. In September, 1935, a flat corporation income tax of 10 per cent made its appearance. In October, 1936, a much more drastic and additional tax was imposed, with the following rates: 5 per cent on dividends of 6 per cent, 10 per cent on those of 7 to 8 per cent, 25 per cent on those of 8 to 10 per cent, 35 per cent on those of 10 to 12 per cent, and 60 per cent on those over 12 per cent. In October, 1937, there was a 10 per cent capital levy on the capital and reserves of joint-stock companies. Similar legislation confiscated a percentage of the capital of individual enterprises and partnerships. Another capital levy, concerning which details are at present lacking, went into effect early in 1940. It was perhaps superfluous for Mussolini to remark on October 28, 1937, "In Fascist Italy capital is subject to the order of the state."[17]

As far as the problem of enforcement is concerned, price control in Italy may be said to be a success. It is still, however, political rather than economic; and for two reasons. In the first place, the government and the Party are simply two different aspects of the same thing, and, for the moment at least, the purely economic is very definitely subject to the political aims of the state. In the second place, there is as yet no real appreciation of the extremely

[17]Miller, *op. cit.*, p. 138.

difficult and complex nature of the economic problems involved in the establishment of a scientific system of price control. The conflict between economic forces and political expediency has already produced startling and unforeseen results in Italy—and the battle is by no means finished as yet.

A fourth method of industrial control needs little beyond mere mention, for it is widely used by all industrial countries today, and is therefore by no means uniquely fascist. I refer to general industrial legislation, inspired by any number of specific desiderata. Needless to say, in a country where state interference in economic life is as pronounced as it is in Italy, such legislation abounds and affects every phase of the Italian economy.

The obvious conclusion to be drawn from this evidence is that state control of industry has been carried in contemporary Italy to a point far beyond that reached in other capitalist countries. Highly centralized control and minute regulation of industry, however, are but one aspect of State Capitalism; the other, and more important, is *actual state operation of industry for profit.* This latter development has, in recent years, and particularly since 1936, made phenomenal strides in Italy.

(iv) *Industry: Operation*

State operation of industry in Italy is of two distinct types, direct and indirect. There is considerable direct participation, the state itself owning and operating railroads as well as the salt, tobacco, cigarette paper, quinine, coal, non-ferrous metal, colonial banana, and other industries. This is perhaps not particularly distinctive of Italy; for other capitalist governments have not infrequently ventured into the realm of industry because of public demand, because of the inefficiency of private enterprise in certain important fields, for purposes of revenue, or for other specific reasons. What is distinctive, if not unique, in fascist Italy is the vast scale on which the government has recently embarked upon the *indirect* operation of industry. The means used is the creation of "parastatals" (*parastatali*), which are in reality giant state holding companies, possessing large blocks of shares, not infrequently the majority, in the most important industries of Italy.

The term *parastatale* first appears in Royal Decree No. 1825, published on November 13, 1924, and has, therefore, no pre-fascist history. Italian jurists and economists are in doubt as to the

exact legal status of a parastatal institution.[18] The reason for the doubt is that in Italian law there is no intermediate category between public and private persons, and the parastatal shares the nature of both. There is, however, unanimity of opinion concerning the characteristics of the institution: it is always created and directly controlled by the state; its field of activity is invariably national rather than provincial or communal in scope; its officials are appointed and directed by the government; and it participates in only those activities which are considered by the fascist state as entirely public.

The number of institutions regarded as parastatals varies from time to time and according to the authority consulted. The *Annuario delle Banche e Banchieri d'Italia* (*1937-38*) lists nine, including the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale. This is a minimum figure, for Danesi[19] notes some fifteen actively functioning as early as October, 1932. The size and importance of these institutions may be judged from the fact that, as early as 1933, they possessed endowed capital funds of over 3,500,000,000 lire and raised by other means 13,000,000,000 additional. Furthermore, according to one authority,[20] "perhaps the most significant part of the economic policy of the [Fascist] Régime" has appeared in the parastatals. In addition, the present writer considers one of their most noteworthy features the fact that, although they give the state absolute control over, and a substantial if not majority share in the ownership of, important enterprises, they produce no large, unwieldy and impeding bureaucracy. Government appointees, occupying key positions and exerting complete authority, are usually few in number. The already existent, and therefore trained and necessary, personnel of private industry simply come under their jurisdiction along with the industry itself. In this manner the Italian Government has to a considerable extent avoided the oft-repeated charge that state control and operation of economic enterprises result in the creation of an invariably top-heavy and frequently suffocating bureaucracy. Still another important

[18]Two comprehensive volumes on the subject of the parastatals exist: Federigo Danesi, *Gli Istituti di credito parastatali in Italia*, ed. 2, Bologna, 1933; and Armand Ansay, *La Politique de Crédit du Fascisme de 1922 à 1932: Le Enti Parastatali di Credito* (*Instituts Paraétatiques de Crédit*), Paris, 1935.

[19]*Op. cit.*, p. 48.

[20]*Ibid.*, preface by Giuseppe Frignani.

feature of the parastatal is that it allows the state to participate as an active *partner* of individuals in the operation of an enterprise.

Undoubtedly the most important of the parastatals, in so far as state operation of industry is concerned, is the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale. Since little or nothing has been published upon it, its history, structure and function must here be presented in some detail.[21]

(v) *The Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale*

The Istituto was established by decree on January 23, 1933, and was originally composed of two sections, the first known as the Section for Industrial Financing, and the second as the Section for Industrial Demobilization. While the two sections had a common president, appointed by Mussolini, each possessed its separate legal and financial identity, and each had its own field of effort.

The Section for Industrial Financing had as its specific function the complete separation of industrial financing and commercial banking. It possessed a capital of 100,000,000 lire, 60,000,000 of which was subscribed by the state Deposit and Loan Bank, and the remaining 40,000,000 in equal amounts by two state insurance companies. Additional capital was raised by floating fifteen- to twenty-year bonds, which might or might not be guaranteed by the state. Further legislation, passed in October, 1933, allowed the Section for Industrial Financing to issue bonds against the share holdings of its twin, the Section for Industrial Demobilization. These latter issues were convertible, under certain circumstances, into the shares against which they were issued. The net result was that the Section for Industrial Financing was simply a creator of medium- to long-term, and possibly self-liquidating, credit to industry. During its life of approximately three years, the Section for Industrial Financing participated in well over two hundred financial operations, totalling over 1,200,000,000 lire. But it was soon seen that its activity to a certain extent duplicated that of another parastatal, the Istituto Mobiliare Italiano, which had been established by the government on November 13, 1931. The function of this latter institution was the extension of financial aid to industries, in difficulties because of the depression, by means

[21]It is from this point on that the writer wishes to acknowledge a special indebtedness to Mr C. L. Livengood, Commercial Attaché to the United States Embassy in Rome.

of ten-year loans granted against the securities of the borrowing companies. Its endowed capital amounted to 500,000,000 lire, and it was allowed to issue its own securities against its collateral holdings to an amount equal to ten times its capital. Hence the Istituto Mobiliare Italiano and the Section for Industrial Financing, both being creators of industrial credit, overlapped in their functions. This duplication was ended by the Bank Decree of March 12, 1936, which dissolved the Section for Industrial Financing, assigning its assets and liabilities to its twin, the Section for Industrial Demobilization, while the Istituto Mobiliare Italiano took over its function of making loans to industry and was allowed to issue its securities for twenty instead of ten years as previously. Thus ended the Section for Industrial Financing of the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale.

The other section of the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale —that for Industrial Demobilization—is the real parent of the present I.R.I. Though formally created in 1933, it was the descendant of financial antecedents dating back to the Consortium of Loans on Industrial Securities, established by the government on December 20, 1914. At its birth in 1933, the Section for Industrial Demobilization inherited from its immediate forebear, the Liquidation Institute a 5,000,000 lire endowment fund and a government subsidy of 200,000,000 lire a year. In addition it was granted another subsidy of 85,000,000 lire a year. These two subsidies, together amounting to 285,000,000 lire a year, are to run to the end of 1971. The Section for Industrial Demobilization was also granted three-quarters of the circulation tax on notes of the Bank of Italy, and was assigned certain residual profits of the same institution. So much for the capital structure of the second twin of I.R.I.

Its specific function was to administer and liquidate unsound industrial concerns, and it was actually referred to on occasion as an "industrial hospital." At the time I.R.I. was established in 1933, certain large commercial banks were in a critical situation, having speculated heavily and unwisely in industrial securities. The result was portfolios jammed with frozen industrial securities, huge pyramidal holding-company structures built upon completely unrelated economic units, and unprecedented issues of heavily watered stock. The Minister of Finance, in his budgetary report for 1932, neatly summarized the situation: "Industrialists had sought to

make themselves financiers, and financiers had sought to become industrialists." Frightened by the prospect of imminent financial chaos, the government determined once and for all completely to divorce industrial financing and commercial banking. But a hospital was needed to look after the maimed units of Italian industry, and a funeral director to arrange the obsequies of those which had passed beyond mortal financial aid. Hence the establishment of the second section of I.R.I., the Section for Industrial Demobilization.

From its inception in 1933 to its reorganization early in 1937, the Section for Industrial Demobilization functioned as an emergency institution for the relief of both industry and certain commercial banks. During this period of its history it may be compared to the Reconstruction Finance Corporation of the United States, and must not be regarded as an instrument for *permanently* establishing the state as the supreme arbiter over Italian industry. That particular development did not occur until after 1936.

As an emergency institution between 1933 and 1936, the Section for Industrial Demobilization restored the liquidity of Italy's largest commercial banks and in so doing disposed of 3,500,000,000 lire in industrial securities taken from those banks. Out of this sum it repaid 2,500,000,000 lire to the Bank of Italy which had advanced enormous sums to the commercial banks, thus enabling them to dabble heavily in industrials. Undoubtedly, its action during this period constituted a remarkable piece of financial and industrial salvaging, and perhaps explains why the later edition of I.R.I., which is simply the reconstituted Section for Industrial Demobilization, has been given such an all-important place in the reoriented Italian economy of the period 1936-40.

The year 1936, as has already been pointed out, marks an important turning-point in the history of Italian capitalism. When the government embarked upon its new career, a wide venture into the field of State Capitalism, some instrument to carry out the changed state policy in relation to the economic life of Italy was essential. The government chose above all the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale. A perfect example of I.R.I.'s new function appeared in the formation of a giant state-controlled and -operated shipping combine which came into existence early in 1937. Italy's nine largest steamship companies, with a capital of 1,100,000,000 lire, and 190 vessels totalling 1,207,050 tons, were re-

organized into four large companies—Italia, Lloyd Triestino, Tirrenia, and Adriatica. The capital stock of the four companies is held by *Finmare*, a holding company created and financed by I.R.I. The latter raised the necessary funds by floating its own 4½ per cent government-guaranteed bonds. This issue of I.R.I. obligations is theoretically convertible into Finmare stock, but only up to 50 per cent of the total. In this way, the Italian government not only absolutely controls a very large percentage of Italy's merchant marine, but is also an indirect owner as well. At this point, the government realized that a reconstituted I.R.I. was essential to the effectuation of its new economic policy. A decree of June 24, 1937, brought about the necessary changes, establishing the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale as it stands today.

The President and Vice-President of the organization are appointed by Mussolini. The Board of Directors and the Executive Board are government appointed, and the government itself is widely represented on both. Advisory technical committees assist the executive proper.

The statutory functions of I.R.I. are quite specific: the parastatal is to manage the extensive industrial holdings of the state on lines pre-determined by state policy; additional participations may be acquired whenever and wherever necessary for the better supervision or management of those holdings already in the possession of the state; further additional holdings may be acquired in any industry affecting national defence, self-sufficiency, or the development of East Africa, although these particular holdings are not to exceed 1,000,000,000 lire at any one time; the acquisition or disposal of shares giving the state majority ownership in any enterprise needs the prior consent of the government; I.R.I. is specifically enjoined to retain its already existent control in the shipping and ship-building industries; and, finally, holdings in enterprises in which the state is not interested are to be liquidated. The last provision shows conclusively that the Italian government no longer considers I.R.I. an "industrial hospital," but *an instrument for directing industry along lines determined solely by the dictates of government policy*.

I.R.I. was granted an endowment fund of 1,000,000,000 lire, to be realized from profits already acquired or from a revaluation of its existing holdings. In addition, as we have seen, it inherited from its earlier edition state subsidies of 285,000,000 lire up to the

year 1971. Finally this giant institution is allowed to float its own twenty-year obligations, which are backed by pledging the subsidies mentioned, are exempt from all taxation except a small stamp tax, are listed on the country's stock exchanges, are accepted as trust deposits, and are also acceptable to the Bank of Italy as security against loans. They are indeed gilt-edged securities.

Profits arising from the sale of holdings, or resulting from the revaluation of holdings, are put into a special reserve fund. Profits resulting from operating activities are distributed as follows: 65 per cent to the state treasury, 25 per cent to the ordinary reserve fund, the remaining 10 per cent for use in the training of future officials and technicians.

The activities of I.R.I. extend far and wide in Italian industry. A brief description of one operation will show how powerful an institution it is. I.R.I. established a great steel combine by forming a holding company known as the Società Finanziaria Siderurgica, generally referred to as *Finsider*. It supplied Finsider's 900,000,000 lire capital through issuing its own twenty-year 4½ per cent bonds, and obtained Finsider shares by exchanging for them participations it already held in four large steel corporations. Purchasers of I.R.I.'s obligations were allowed to convert these obligations into Finsider shares, but only up to 50 per cent of the total outstanding. The net result of this single transaction was that the Italian government obtained complete control and indirect majority ownership of what is probably the most important single industry in Italy.

Similar transactions have been carried out in the synthetic rubber, cellulose, hydro-electric, electrical, mechanical, armament, naval stores, aviation, and other industries in Italy. I.R.I. also occupies a position of fundamental importance in the development of Italian East Africa, where its activities range from providing banking and transportation services to road-building and the operation of industry. Lastly, in addition to the above activities, the Istituto per la Ricostruzione Industriale controls and manages the three largest commercial banks in Italy—the Banca Commerciale Italiana, the Credito Italiano, and the Banco di Roma. Such is a brief outline of I.R.I.'s many-sided economic activities. And yet it employs a total personnel of less than a hundred persons!

Specific and official information regarding the tremendous size and far-reaching nature of the activities actually performed by

I.R.I. are not lacking. In May, 1936 the Minister of Finance reported that already I.R.I. was interested in companies whose stock represented 44.15 per cent of the total nominal capitalization of Italian share companies. The official report of I.R.I.'s activities for 1937 shows net operating profits of 16,585,553 lire, while its profit from the sale of shares already held amounted to over 26,700,000 lire.

Its annual report for 1938, issued in May, 1939,[22] is the latest available. It states that, since I.R.I. has completed six years of activity, it is now possible "to deduce from the vast and complex experiment carried out the broad lines of the system on which its activity is based." That activity has a twofold basis: first, Article IX of the Carta di Lavoro (Charter of Labour) of 1927, which says, "The state intervenes in economic production only when private initiative is lacking or insufficient, or when the political interests of the state are at stake. Such intervention may take the form of encouragement, regulation, or direct management"; and secondly, the Regulative Plan (Campidoglio Speech) of Mussolini, delivered on March 23, 1936, and summarized above. Previously, the report continues, there had been two ways of effectuating state intervention in industry, through public institutions (*enti di diritto pubblico*) and through the formation of joint-stock companies. A third has been developed, the parastatal, which forms a connecting link between the other two. This link "constitutes the hinge by means of which the system of businesses controlled by the State, *while it remains private in form, is joined to the State economy and gets from it propulsion and directives.*"[23]

Reference to I.R.I.'s budget alone, the report continues, would convey an "erroneous" impression of its importance, for it has *in effect* "the command and the responsibility of vast undertakings even when it has no considerable share in the ownership." Looking at I.R.I. from this point of view, "we find that the activities for whose conduct the organization is responsible amount to about 20,000,000,000 lire," about 9,000,000,000 of which consists of approximately 50,000 loans. When one realizes that in November, 1938 there were only 20,660 joint-stock companies in the entire country, with a total nominal share capital of 52,807,000,000 lire, one gets some idea of the extent of I.R.I.'s activities. Net operat-

[22]Given in full in *Il Messaggero*, May 5, 1939.

[23]Italics mine.

ing profits for the year amounted to 21,191,025.20 lire, over and above income from traffic in shares and heavy increases in I.R.I.'s several reserve funds.

III. SUMMARY

Such, then, in broad outline is the picture of the State in the Economic Life of Fascist Italy. Agriculture, domestic commerce, and handicraft and small-scale industry are regulated by the state; foreign trade is to all intents and purposes a function of the state; credit and finance also approximate this position. And the evidence submitted in the latter part of this essay shows that today Italian industry is regimented, controlled, and even state-operated to an extent far beyond that in any other capitalist state. The net result is a degree of State Capitalism unparalleled elsewhere in the capitalist world. It is significant that recent trends in Germany suggest a similar development there, for Germany is a fascist state.

In Italy Fascism originated to perpetuate the capitalist system, which is based upon the largely automatic free pricing process, the private ownership of the means of production and distribution, and production for profit. This system, involving a minimum of state intervention in the economic life of the country, was characteristic of the Italian economy for the first seven years of its guidance by Mussolini. Unfortunately for the interests which espoused Fascism and finally brought it to power, underlying economic forces beyond the control of the government produced conditions necessitating intervention. That intervention, which was at first haphazard, unsystematized, and viewed as a purely temporary expedient, increased at a remarkable rate, and today embraces every important branch of the Italian economy.

Is, then, State Capitalism a logical if not an inevitable result of Fascism? Political absolutism is the *sine qua non* of fascist states. In what degree is political absolutism possible without economic absolutism? To judge from Italian experience, in no degree. That such a consequence was neither premeditated nor foreseen by fascist leaders is not surprising. Fascist leaders have invariably acted first and theorized later. The resultant rationalization is characteristic of fascist theory, and explains much of the confusion in the works of those writers who have sought an explanation of Fascism only in the speeches and treatises of its leaders and theorists,

where ambiguities, obfuscations, and downright contradictions inevitably abound.

Other important questions raised by recent Italian experience suggest themselves. What are the essential differences between State Capitalism and State Socialism? Does one invariably result in the other? Or can State Capitalism revert to the earlier form of Capitalism, as the industrialist and financial group in Italy today fervently, though privately, hope? If such reversion be possible, which this writer seriously questions, can the more purely political aspects of the fascist state continue to exist by themselves? If such reversion be impossible, will Mussolini the ex-socialist be forced to "turn left" in some future moment of crisis? Is there any connection between the recent economic trends in both Italy and Germany and the line-up of combatants, active and "non-belligerent," in the present world struggle? How important are the differences between the so-called left-wing Fascism of Gregor Strasser and Dr Ugo Spirito on the one hand, and the views of those who are *consciously* socialist on the other? Finally, is the trend towards the increased power of the modern state and its growing interference in economic life in *non-fascist* countries the result of inexorable forces? Are we leaving one stage in the economic and political history of man and entering another? In other words, is some form of state-controlled economy inevitable?

These and other questions are of paramount importance in the field of social theory today. This writer believes that a prerequisite to answering them is a *factual* study of the economic trends of Fascism. Within the limitations imposed by title and space, he has endeavoured to outline the latest stage in that trend in the Italian economy.

COLERIDGE AND THE THEORY OF IMAGINATION

P. L. Carver

IT is generally agreed that a politician may revise his opinions without incurring the charge of fickleness provided that he yields passively to the pressure of external events. "A man," says Macaulay, "who had held exactly the same opinion about the [French] Revolution in 1789, in 1794, in 1804, in 1814, and in 1834, would have been either a divinely inspired prophet, or an obstinate fool."[1] Southey, if he agreed with Macaulay in nothing else, would certainly have agreed with him in this, for he himself had swung like a pendulum from one extreme to the other until, by the exhaustion of its energy, the clock had stopped. He would have been ready to defend any inconsistency which had some discernible relation to the headlines in the newspapers; but that a man should change his convictions from no definable cause except an increase of knowledge or an access of second thoughts was an eccentricity which hardly admitted of a charitable explanation. Referring to Coleridge in July, 1808, Southey wrote to William Taylor: "Dr Sayers would not now find him the warm Hartleyan that he has been; Hartley was ousted by Berkeley, Berkeley by Spinoza, and Spinoza by Plato; when last I saw him Jacob Behmen had some chance of coming in. The truth is that he plays with systems, and any nonsense will serve him for a text from which he can deduce something new and surprising."[2]

The last words, which amount to an accusation of petty vanity, are a good example of the egotist's habit of seeing in other people a reflexion of his own less agreeable qualities. With every allowance for Southey's advantage of personal acquaintance—an advantage largely contracted by his air of patronizing superiority—we cannot dismiss Coleridge's early speculations as aimless and unmethodical dabbling. "I owe, under God," he said in 1834, "my return to the faith, to my having gone further than the Unitarians and so having come round to the other side."[3] Similarly, it is his coming round to the other side which lends importance to his infatuation

[1]Essay on Sir James Mackintosh's *History of the Revolution*.
[2]Quoted by J. D. Campbell, *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* (1894), p. 165.
[3]*Table Talk* (ed. 1884), p. 290.

with Hartley, whom he must have associated with the Unitarians.[4] I hope to show that his repudiation of the mechanical theory was much more than the denial of what he had formerly affirmed, and that it led him to positions which he would have been unlikely to reach except by the force of that early reaction.

If it were necessary to fix the date of his conversion we should be justified in taking the year 1809 as the *terminus ad quem;* for an essay which he wrote for the *Friend*[5] in that year is, in effect, an elaborate refutation of Hartley's system, though Hartley is not mentioned by name. It is one of Coleridge's happiest efforts. At first sight it is nothing more than a simple observation upon human nature; yet that observation is at the same time the beginning of Coleridge's system of education and an important contribution to Shakespearean criticism; for the illustrations receive light in their turn by reflection from that which they illustrate. People who like to trace floating theories from one generation to another will find here the guiding principle of Newman's *Idea of a University*. The parallel is so close that, in spite of differences of terminology, the argument may be summarized briefly in Newman's words. Of the two kinds of education, the philosophical and the mechanical, "the one rises towards general ideas, the other is exhausted upon what is particular and external." But the former alone is correctly called knowledge, so that "Knowledge, in proportion as it tends more and more to be particular, ceases to be Knowledge. . . . When I speak of Knowledge, I mean something intellectual, something which . . . reasons upon what it sees and while it sees; which invests it with an idea."[6]

Coleridge arrives at the same conclusion by observing that an educated man is distinguished from the less educated by "the habit of foreseeing, in each integral part, . . . the whole that he intends to communicate. However irregular and desultory his talk,

[4]This, I think, is true in spite of the fact that Hartley was in Anglican orders. The leading exponent of Hartley's theory in Coleridge's time was Priestley, who was the most prominent of the Unitarians. Thus Priestley, waiting "in vain by the Susquehannah for the English emigrants who did not come," symbolized the three principles which Coleridge so far had abandoned, Pantisocracy being the third. (See the conclusion of Mr J. R. MacGillivray's article, "The Pantisocracy Scheme," in *Studies in English by Members of University College*, Toronto, 1931.)

[5]Vol. III, Essay IV (ed. 1844).

[6]*Idea of a University* (ed. 1873), pp. 112-13.

there is method in the fragments." Such a man is "accustomed to contemplate not things only, or for their own sake alone, but likewise and chiefly the relations of things." The ignorant man is the man who has never learnt to "enumerate and analyse these relations." In listening to the talk of such a person "we immediately perceive that his memory alone is called into action; and that the objects and events recur in the same order, and with the same accompaniments, however accidental or impertinent, in which they had first occurred to the narrator." This is excellently illustrated by Mrs Quickly's reply to Falstaff:

> "*Falstaff.* What is the gross sum that I owe thee?
>
> *Host.* Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin Chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, upon Wednesday in Whitsun week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me and make me my lady thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then and call me gossip Quickly?—coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar; telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee they were ill for a green wound, &c.

Here, as everyone will agree, is a conspicuous failure to exclude the irrelevant, to foresee the end in the beginning, to impart "method" to the scraps of recollection. So far the case of Mrs Quickly is merely interesting. To appreciate its significance to Coleridge we must notice that Mrs Quickly's mind vibrates in strict accordance with the principles of Hartley, as Coleridge understood those principles.[7] From subjection to Hartley's law it "results inevitably," as we read in the *Biographia*, that "the will, the reason, the judgment, and the understanding, instead of being the determining causes of association, must needs be represented as its *creatures*, and among its mechanical *effects*. . . . Our whole life would be divided between the despotism of outward impressions, and that of senseless and passive memory." Mrs Quickly is obviously the slave of that double despotism, and a witness to the reality of the law of association. But Coleridge was unwilling

[7]The case of Mrs Quickly also illustrates Hobbes's principle of "the dependance of one thought upon another," which is the law of association under another name (*Leviathan*, pt. 1, ch. 3). But Coleridge is not to be suspected of borrowing his argument from Hobbes, for the latter assumed that the synthetizing influence in connected speech is supplied by passion. Coleridge admits that passion may have that effect in certain cases, but only as a temporary and inadequate substitute for reason.

to admit that her limitations are the natural limitations of the human mind, and that the law of association is the supreme law. He began to search for the unifying or "methodizing" principle which expresses itself not only in the speech of Hamlet—who is contrasted with Mrs Quickly—but in the whole realm of art, and in every kind of creative activity.

It is customary to treat the chapters on Hartley in the *Biographia* as an irritating digression, and to hurry on from the promise to distinguish the imagination from the fancy to the definition of a *legitimate* poem. Courthope, while approving that definition because of its insistence upon the principle of unity, is troubled by the question, "What is the basis of this Unity?"[8] In contrast, he says, with all the greater poets of the world, who have found that necessary basis in the subject of the poem, Coleridge "held with Wordsworth that the Unity of the poem lay solely in the imagination of the poet, and he endeavoured to establish his theory by reference to the Law of Association." The phrase "by reference to" must have been carefully chosen, for it would defy the most patient effort of the most careful reader to discover what it means. Courthope adds characteristically, as if he were glancing at one of the more repulsive specimens in a museum, "The metaphysics in which he involved his argument will be found in the 'Biographia Literaria.'"

In Coleridge's exposition there is none of the complexity which this kind of critic would lead us to expect. It has been said that the secret of the Sphinx is that it has no secret, and the secret of Coleridge's metaphysics is that they mean nothing more than they clearly express. Coleridge could not accept Wordsworth's thesis that the language of peasants is derived immediately from the heart of nature, and is, for that reason, peculiarly appropriate to poetry. His objection could be summarized in the statement that the speech of peasants is governed, like Mrs Quickly's, by the law of association. "The rustic," he says, "from the more imperfect development of his faculties, and from the lower state of their cultivation, aims almost solely to convey *insulated* facts, either those of his scanty experience or his traditional belief; while the educated man chiefly seeks to discover and express those *connections* of things, or those relative *bearings* of fact to fact, from which

[8] *Life of Pope* in Pope's *Works*, ed. Elwin and Courthope, V, p. 372.

some more or less general law is deducible."[9] It is of much more than curious interest to notice that the habit of conveying "insulated facts" is shared by the author of the *Essay on Man* and the *Rape of the Lock;* for in those poems, as well as in the translation of the *Iliad*, "a *point* was looked for at the end of each second line, and the whole was as it were a *sorites*, or, if I may exchange a logical for a grammatical metaphor, a *conjunction disjunctive*, of epigrams."[10] Thus Coleridge could, with perfect consistency, have said of Pope and his followers what he actually says of the peasants of his acquaintance: that their language is "distinguished from the diction of their superiors in knowledge and power, by the greater *disjunction* and *separation* in the component parts of that, whatever it be, which they wish to communicate. There is a want of that prospectiveness of mind, that *surview*, which enables a man to foresee the whole of what he is to convey appertaining to any one point; and by this means so to subordinate and arrange the different parts according to their relative importance, as to convey it at once, and as an organised whole."[11]

From here it is but a single step to the definition which Courthope grudgingly approved. As Mrs Quickly's talk, or that of Wordsworth's peasants, does not constitute "methodical" discourse, so a series of rimed epigrams does not constitute a *legitimate* poem. A *legitimate* poem "must be one, the parts of which mutually support and explain each other; all in their proportion harmonizing with, and supporting the purpose and known influences of metrical arrangement."[12] Except for the necessary allowance for the effect of metre, there is nothing here which could not be said of "methodical" speech in contrast to that of Mrs Quickly. In the next sentence he expressly denies "the praises of a just poem . . . to a series of striking lines or distiches, each . . . a separate whole, instead of an harmonizing part," so that Pope's practice and Wordsworth's theory fall under the same condemnation. This, as we have seen, follows as the natural consequence of the reaction from Hartley, and it is difficult to understand how a critic of Courthope's penetration could have dismissed the chapters on the law of association as a merely curious exercise in metaphysics. Coleridge was bound to attempt the refutation of Hartley's theory before he could hope to establish his own.

[9] *Biographia Literaria*, ed. Shawcross, II, p. 39.
[10] *Ibid.*, I, p. 11. [11] *Ibid.*, II, p. 44. [12] *Ibid.*, II, p. 10.

With the discovery that a *legitimate* poem is distinguished by the subordination of the parts to the whole, or the principle of unity, we reach a definite stage in Coleridge's thought. It is true that the discovery had been made before, and Coleridge himself acknowledges his discipleship to Aristotle in a passage bristling with italics.[13] If he differed at all from Aristotle it was in being more Aristotelian, for he was not to be satisfied by "a skilful arrangement of events and harangues to an artful and harmonious whole,"[14] in merely outward and formal compliance with the conditions laid down in the *Poetics*. The true poet is he "who, whencesoever he may have derived the materials of his work, supplies the form, connections, and unity, from his own mind."[15] As early as 1802 he had remarked picturesquely, though with the touch of flippancy appropriate to a private letter, that a good image of verse would be "a crowd of wild ducks *shaping* their rapid flight in forms always regular,"[16] and three months later he had distinguished "imagination or the *modifying* and coadunating faculty of the mind" from "fancy, or the aggregating faculty."[17] The verbal adjective *coadunating* clearly anticipates the later invention, *esemplastic*,[18] defined as "shaping into one," and Coleridge's contention is that the imagination *shapes* the elements of the poem as the instinct of the wild ducks *shapes* their flight. Whether he was right in assigning this function to the imagination may be doubted, and on that subject something more shall be said; but, confining our attention to the activity described, we can hardly wish for a better illustration of Aristotelian unity.

If it would be foolish to inquire whether "the basis of this unity" is the ducks themselves or the unifying instinct of the ducks, it would be no less foolish, having regard to Coleridge's sense of the word *imagination*, to distinguish between unity based

[13]"I adopt with full faith the principle of Aristotle, that poetry as poetry is essentially *ideal*, that it avoids and excludes all *accident;* that its apparent individualities of rank, character, or occupation must be *representative* of a class; and that the *persons* of poetry must be clothed with *generic* attributes, with the common attributes of the class: not with such as one gifted individual might *possibly* possess, but such as from his situation it is most probable before-hand that he *would* possess" (*Biographia Literaria*, II, p. 34).

[14]*Coleridge on Logic and Learning*, ed. Alice D. Snyder, p. 106.

[15]*Ibid.*, p. 107. [16]*Letters* (1895), p. 378. [17]*Ibid.*, p. 404.

[18]I have made some slight use here of a short article of my own in the *Modern Language Review* for July, 1929 (XXIV, p. 329), where the equivalence of *coadunative* to *esemplastic* is discussed.

on the subject of the poem and another kind of unity lying "solely in the imagination of the poet." What, then, becomes of the fantastic doctrine said to have been "held" by Coleridge "with Wordsworth"? If Courthope's statement has not been challenged it is, I suspect, because Coleridge's greatest admirers have exalted into a virtue what Courthope condemns as a fault. They like to think of his genius as actually creative, bodying forth the forms of things unknown, and endowing them with something analogous to organic life. Most critics spend so much of their time in converse with the poetic mind that they acquire the habit of thinking metaphorically, and present the reader with the insubstantial fabric of a vision when he is entitled to expect a logical demonstration.[19] It is true that no one who appreciates the *Ancient Mariner* can express his feelings adequately in the terms of strict prose, and on that ground it may be excusable to say that Coleridge calls a new world into existence by the fiat of his imagination; but the statement should not be allowed to acquire by repetition the air of literal fact. Theologians distinguish between primary creation, or creation out of nothing, which is the province of divinity alone, and secondary creation by the imposition of form upon a pre-existing chaos. The product of secondary creation, in the realm of art, is Aristotelian unity, and Coleridge's only modification of the accepted doctrine is his contention that the creative function, so considered, belongs to the imagination.

How he came to think of "that synthetic and magical power" as the agent of the unifying process is a question which cannot be answered in terms of finality, but there is enough internal evidence to justify a conjecture. Professor Woodhouse has shown that Bacon, "in his assignment of poetry to the imagination," had a strong influence upon succeeding generations, and "stands at the

[19]An extreme case of this kind of hazy extravagance will be found in Stopford Brooke's account of the child, Naturalism, who grew up and flourished "till, having overstrained his manhood, he breathed his last in Keats"; whose son and heir, of "strong and beautiful manhood, . . . died with Shelley, Keats, and Byron" (died, that is, three times within four years); and whose grandson "filled Clough, Arnold," and several other persons, "and died in Morris." The third member of this remarkable family also, it appears, left a son; but "what the child will be, with what voice it will speak," and a number of other things about it which excite a very natural curiosity, "we cannot tell." (See *Naturalism in English Poetry*, pp. 3-4.)

head of a long romantic tradition."[20] Coleridge, I think, was but little affected by influences dispersed over the whole of his generation from a distance of two centuries, but we cannot doubt that he learnt much from Bacon by the direct study of his works. In *De Augmentis* and the *Advancement of Learning* we find an instructive contrast between history, the province of the memory, and philosophy, the province of reason. "History," we are told, "is properly concerned with individuals"; whereas "philosophy discards individuals; neither does it deal with the impressions immediately received from them, but with abstract notions derived from these impressions."[21] The student of Coleridge will immediately be reminded of the contrast between Mrs Quickly's speech and Hamlet's. Mrs Quickly is, in the Baconian sense, the historian, recalling one incident after another by the exercise of her memory: Hamlet is the philosopher, forming "abstract notions," or displaying the power, as Coleridge expresses it, of "reflexion and generalization." What, then, of poetry? "Poesy," in the words of the *Advancement of Learning*, "doth truly refer to the Imagination."[22] So far this would be acceptable doctrine; but Coleridge may well have been disconcerted to find that imagination is itself a form of memory, making "fanciful imitations" of those sensory impressions which the memory "simply rehearses," and which the reason "analyses and classifies."[23] The lament of Mrs Quickly suggests an illustration. Actually, as we gather from the continuation, Mrs Quickly is telling the truth; but let us suppose that she had, as we commonly say, imagined the incident, or invented the whole story, and that Falstaff had never given her such a promise. In that case she would still be using her memory, for we could not doubt that she had at some time seen a round table, a sea-coal fire, a dish of prawns, and the other things mentioned. *Nihil in intellectu quod non prius in sensu.* She would be recounting "feigned history" instead of true history; and it is permissible to add—though we cannot find Bacon's authority for

[20]A. S. P. Woodhouse, "Collins and the Creative Imagination," in *Studies in English*, p. 72.

[21]*De Dignitate et Augmentis Scientiarum*, II (Spedding's translation).

[22]Bacon's *Works*, ed. Spedding, III, p. 343.

[23]*De Augmentis*, II (Spedding's translation). In the original the word translated *imagination* is *phantasia;* but Bacon himself uses *imagination* in the *Advancement of Learning.*

the statement in those terms—that the form and order of her recital would still be governed by the law of association.

By following Bacon's guidance, with a glance at Hartley, we have arrived at a conception of the imagination corresponding accurately to Coleridge's definition of the fancy. The sea-coal fire, the dish of prawns, and the rest, could be described as "fixities and definites": objects of experience which the mind recalls, complete and unchanged, in a certain order determined by the law of association. Fancy, says Coleridge, "has no other counters to play with, but fixities and definites. The Fancy is indeed no other than a mode of Memory emancipated from the order of time and space; while it is blended with, and modified by that empirical phenomenon of the will, which we express by the word *Choice*. But equally with the ordinary memory the *Fancy* must receive all its materials ready made from the law of association."[24] It appears then, that *imagination*, in Bacon's nomenclature, is identical with *fancy* in Coleridge's. It is clear that Coleridge could not assign to the faculty in question, whatever he might call it, the function which we have considered as that of secondary creation, or the imposition of form. Unless, therefore, he chose to disprove Bacon's assertion that "poesy doth truly refer to the Imagination," he was obliged to give the word *imagination* a new definition and meaning. He concludes, without professing to have proved his case, that the imagination "dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create; or where this process is rendered impossible, yet still at all events it struggles to idealise and to unify. It is essentially *vital*, even as all objects (*as* objects) are essentially fixed and dead."[25]

Coleridge does not labour the obvious by explaining precisely what it is that is dissolved, diffused, and dissipated, or idealized and unified. It must be the whole accumulation of impressions received originally by the senses, retained by the memory, in its true order of time and place, and sometimes re-arranged in a different order by the fancy. This formless mass of experience is the equivalent in art of the primeval chaos, or *rudis et indigesta moles*, of the ancient poets and philosophers. So long as it is under no control except that of the law of association it is a tale told by an idiot, signifying nothing. The higher power, which Coleridge calls the imagination, comes as a second creator, not calling new

[24] *Biographia Literaria*, I, p. 202. [25] *Ibid.*

worlds into existence out of thin air but endowing pre-existing "materials," in the words already quoted, with "form, connections, and unity." Courthope is entirely right in contending that there must be a common bond of understanding between the poet and his readers; he is wrong in supposing that the only possible bond consists in a plot, or fable, or chapter of feigned history, universally known. However ancient such legends may be it is safe to say that poetry and art are older still; and the only man who has ever, from the beginning, been excluded from the poet's audience is the man of whom it could be said that

> A primrose by a river's brim
> A yellow primrose was to him,
> And it was nothing more.

At the other extreme is Peter Bell's creator, who could feel in all the works of nature, great or small,

> a sense sublime
> Of something far more deeply interfused.

The ordinary reader may be expected to feel that sublime sense in some degree, though with less intensity, and that is the bond between the poet and his readers. The impressions forming their common experience are redeemed from the state of chaos—the only state in which they are known to Peter Bell—by the act of secondary creation. "The poet, described in *ideal* perfection, brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity. He diffuses a tone and spirit of unity, that blends, and (as it were) *fuses*, each into each, by that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination."[26]

A single sentence in the *Advancement of Learning* enables us finally to mark the point of Coleridge's divergence from Bacon. "Wherefore," says Bacon, "from these three fountains, Memory, Imagination, and Reason, flow these three emanations, History, Poesy, and Philosophy; and there can be no others." Coleridge is willing to accept the first and the third, memory and reason, with their products, history and philosophy. The second he calls *fancy* instead of *imagination*, and he denies that this "fountain" is the source of poetry. He then adds a fourth "fountain" to Bacon's

[26] *Ibid.*, II, p. 12.

three, the true or creative imagination, the *coadunative* or *esemplastic* power, of which poetry is the product.

That may seem, on a superficial view, to be a satisfactory conclusion; but there remains a question which a protagonist of Bacon would be certain to ask, and which Coleridge, I suspect, would have found it extremely difficult to answer. What is the exact relation between the exalted imagination, or *esemplastic* power, and the higher or intuitive reason, the Platonic νοῦς? Is not this the faculty which "brings the whole soul of man into activity," which "dissolves, diffuses, dissipates, in order to re-create," or "struggles to idealise and to unify"? If it is true, as Wordsworth was to declare in plain terms, that what has been called imagination is actually "reason in her most exalted mood," would it not be better to avoid confusion by calling it reason, to leave the imagination in the place assigned to it by Bacon, and to assert, in opposition to Bacon, that it is the reason, and not the imagination, to which "poesy doth truly refer"? In that case it might be necessary to distinguish between the higher or creative reason and the lower and commoner faculty which tells us that twice two make four, and the imagination might find a certain scope as an intermediary between them. There are signs that Coleridge's mind was already moving in this direction by the time that he published the *Biographia*. In the *Statesman's Manual*,[27] after reminding us of one of his favourite quotations from Milton,—

> whence the soul
> Reason receives, and Reason is her being,
> Discursive or Intuitive: Discourse
> Is oftest yours, the latter most is ours,
> Differing but in degree, of kind the same,—

he adds, in effect, that it is imagination which transforms the discursive reason into the intuitive. "The completing power," he says, "which unites clearness with depth, the plenitude of the sense with the comprehensibility of the understanding, is the imagination, impregnated with which the understanding itself becomes intuitive, and a living power." Later in the same paragraph we are told that universal reason, "without being either the sense, the understanding, or the imagination, contains all three within itself, even as the mind contains all its thoughts, and is present in and through them all." This is clearly inconsistent

[27] Ed. 1852, p. 73.

with the veneration claimed in the *Biographia* for "that synthetic and magical power, to which we have exclusively appropriated the name of imagination." Whatever power is contained within another cannot be the greatest; and it cannot be any power other than the greatest which "brings the whole soul of man into activity, with the subordination of its faculties to each other, according to their relative worth and dignity."

I believe that it was difficulties of this kind which led Coleridge to advise himself, in the character of a fictitious correspondent, to leave his theory of the imagination incomplete, to content himself "for the present with stating the main result of the Chapter,"[28] and to reserve whatever else he had to say for the projected treatise on the Logos. It is a very different doctrine which he expounded at a later stage in his essay *On Poesy or Art*.[29] Here, though the subject might seem to invite it, the word *imagination* is never mentioned with any technical signification, and only once even casually ("I can deeply sympathize in imagination with the Greeks in this favourite part of their theatrical exhibitions"). Coleridge's guiding principle is that all art "presupposes a bond between nature in the higher sense and the soul of man." That bond is "shared between the poet and his audience"—to glance at Courthope's criticism for the last time—to a degree which should gladden the heart of the most exacting Aristotelian; for it is that eternal and universal truth of which nature is one, though not the only manifestation. The function of art is again, as it had been from the earliest times, to imitate nature: not mechanically to copy the finished product, but, according to a distinction for which the reader will be prepared, to imitate, or express, or manifest, the soul of nature in its creative activity. "If the artist copies the mere nature, the *natura naturata*, what idle rivalry! If he proceeds only from a given form, which is supposed to answer to the notion of beauty, what an emptiness, what an unreality there always is in his productions, as in Cipriani's pictures! Believe me, you must master the essence, the *natura naturans*, which presupposes a bond between nature in the higher sense and the soul of man." He has

[28] *Biographia Literaria*, I, pp. 201-2.

[29] The date is uncertain, but later than that of the *Biographia*. The essay is printed by Mr Shawcross as an appendix to his edition of the *Biographia* (II, p. 253). It is, I think, the clearest expression of Coleridge's maturest thought on the subject.

already mentioned "waxwork figures of men and women" as an example of copying opposed to true imitation.[30] "If there be likeness to nature without any check of difference, the result is disgusting, and the more complete the delusion, the more loathsome the effect." The artist, he continues,

> must out of his own mind create forms according to the severe laws of the intellect, in order to generate in himself that co-ordination of freedom and law, that involution of obedience in the prescript, and of the prescript in the impulse to obey, which assimilates him to nature, and enables him to understand her. He merely absents himself for a season from her, that his own spirit, which has the same ground with nature, may learn her unspoken language in its main radicals, before he approaches to her endless compositions of them.

Will anyone maintain that Coleridge still believed in the power of the imagination to dissolve, diffuse, and dissipate "in order to re-create"? That is precisely the function now to be performed "according to the severe laws of the intellect," and it is impossible that it should be performed by any power other than the higher reason.

It is absurdly "pointed out" by Mr Shawcross, in his notes to this essay, "that the conception of art, as a copy of nature, is Platonic; and that the conception of it as an imitation is stated by Plotinus"; for Plotinus has observed[31] that "the arts do not simply imitate what is seen, but go back to the reasons (λόγοι) from which nature derives its being." The same contention, based on the same quotation, though without reference to Coleridge, will be found in Bosanquet's *History of Aesthetic;* and Dr Tate, replying to Bosanquet among others, has proved triumphantly that "so far as this passage has any meaning, it is strictly Platonic."[32] It is the mechanical or literal imitators, the imitators of nature at a second remove, or the *copyists* according to Coleridge's distinction, whom Plato condemns as devoid of the sense of truth, and whom

[30] So in *Table Talk* (ed. 1884, p. 240): "Take one of Mrs Salmon's wax queens or generals, and you will very sensibly feel the difference between a copy, as they are, and an imitation, of the human form, as a good portrait ought to be."

[31] *Ennead*, V, 8, 1.

[32] "Plato, Art and Mr Maritain" (*The New Scholasticism*, April, 1938, p. 127). I hoped to summarize the argument, but find it impossible within reasonable limits of space. I may add that I have not mentioned Schelling in the text because I have thought it a matter of small importance whether Coleridge was to some extent guided by Schelling to conclusions which, in any case, he made his own by personal conviction. It will be of less importance than ever if it is found that both Schelling and Coleridge had been preceded by Plato.

he would have banished from his republic. These are the people to whom a primrose is a primrose and nothing more, who would admire a wax or paper primrose if the details were accurately reproduced, and who find their substitute for art in unnatural combinations of "fixities and definites." The true artist, expressing by imitation the sense of something interfused through all the works of creation, including the primrose, is not only admissible to Plato's community but essential to its happiness. All that is necessary to reconcile Coleridge perfectly to Plato is the acceptance of the principle that the imitative faculty is the higher, or intuitive, reason. That principle is clearly deducible from the essay *On Poesy or Art;* and it could be argued that the author of the *Ancient Mariner* had in his youth exemplified in practice the faith which he was to profess in his maturity. If that faith is the distinguishing mark of the classical school Coleridge's place is among the greatest of the classical poets, still in the familiar company of Wordsworth, and but a little lower than Milton.

THE WAR: THE DESPERATE GRAPPLE

C. P. Stacey

TO relate within the space of a few pages the tremendous events of the past three months is an unpleasant as well as a singularly difficult task; for the foundations of the western world have suddenly been shaken. The complacent confidence of the western democracies is a thing of the past. Paris has fallen. An offensive campaign, exceeding that of 1870-71 in speed and force, has reduced continental France to the status of a base of operations against France's erstwhile ally. Britain's forces have been driven from the Continent, and as these lines are written she is preparing to defend the British Isles—now the last citadel of freedom in Europe—against the savage onslaught of the totalitarians. Even the United States has been somewhat alarmed by the reflection that since March of 1938 the armies of Adolf Hitler have marched as conquerors into nine European capitals.

I. The Balance-Sheet of Scandinavia

The Scandinavian phase of the war began on April 9, with the German descent upon Denmark and Norway. It ended (for the time being at least) on June 9, just two months later, with the announcement of the Allies' withdrawal from Narvik, which they had only recently captured, and of the Norwegian army's surrender. By that time Norway had ceased to hold the world's attention, for the greatest battle in history, perhaps, was in progress in France. The northern operations had been subsidiary since the first week in May, when the Allies, after a short campaign, begun with high hopes which soon turned to gloom, gave up the struggle in central and southern Norway. They had discovered that it was impossible to continue it in the face of the advantages conferred upon the Germans by the possession of the only respectable air bases in the country; while German air strength had also made it impossible for Allied naval forces to effect more than a partial interference with the enemy's communications across the Skagerrak. The consequence was the withdrawal of the forces which had been landed at Aandalsnes and Namsos to undertake "diversionary attacks," auxiliary to a frontal assault on Trondheim which never

came to pass. Of the events of the campaign no more need be said; but it is in order to attempt some estimate of its effects.

From a narrowly military point of view, the most important fact perhaps is that the Germans now possess air bases only about 330 miles from the main British fleet base in the Orkneys, which was 510 miles from the nearest point in Germany. For bombing attacks upon the main industrial centres of the British Isles, on the other hand, the acquisition of Denmark and Norway has not much improved their position; Sylt was just as good for this felonious purpose. The whole eastern and southern coast of the North Sea being now in enemy hands, British commercial traffic in those waters must have virtually ceased, except for coasters and fishing vessels, and this at least deprives the German airmen of many targets. The new German bases here will be an embarrassment to British operations, but are hardly likely to exercise in themselves a decisive influence on the further course of the war.

Germany has certainly acquired important economic advantages. She now has full control of Sweden's exports of iron ore, and Britain will get no more from this source. During the summer the ore can be moved to Germany by the Gulf of Bothnia, and the Germans will doubtless try to repair the ruined facilities at Narvik before the winter. Britain no longer has to worry about Norwegian neutrality's interfering with her attempts to prevent transit by this route; on the other hand, German planes working from Norwegian bases are likely to prove a very serious hindrance. Germany has improved her position with respect to food supplies by possessing herself of the Danish dairy industry. This, however, is probably a merely temporary advantage, for the industry is mainly dependent on imported forage which will now be unobtainable, and in a long war Denmark might prove a liability rather than an asset. As for Britain, she must seek elsewhere the products formerly obtained from Scandinavia. This she can do; Ireland, for instance, can supply many of the dairy products now out of reach in Denmark; General Franco (should he choose) can send iron ore from Spain, and North America's great sources of supply stand open. It must be remembered, however, that where goods have to be brought from greater distances than before the strain upon the resources of the British merchant marine is greatly increased.

The most important results of Scandinavia, however, were

political; for the failure there produced a salutary reorganization of the British Government. Since the domestic crisis of 1931, the affairs of Britain had been directed by a group of respectable and unimaginative businessmen, intent upon internal economic recovery and neither well-informed nor especially interested in the essential fields of foreign policy and defence. This group's domination now came to a sudden end. On May 8, after two days' debate on Norway, the government, despite its great theoretical majority in the House of Commons, was sustained by only 281 votes to 200. Two days later, with the German army already in the Low Countries, Mr Chamberlain resigned and Mr Winston Churchill became Prime Minister. No one seems to have doubted that in these circumstances he was the man for the job. There are dubious passages in his record; but he was the first to see the gathering storm and warn his countrymen against it, and no reader of his works (and, it may be added, no one who has heard his recent speeches) can doubt that he possesses what Mr H. N. Brailsford calls an "hereditary instinct for war." Not less important is the fact that the leaders of the Labour Party now entered the government. The new Cabinet was a true expression of national unity, able to command the confidence of all classes and demand the most that all could give. This was fortunate indeed, for as Mr Churchill took command the western democracies were facing the blackest moments in their history.

II. The Low Countries and the Battle of Flanders

Early in the morning of May 10, without any "civilized formality" whatever, Adolf Hitler launched against neutral Belgium and Holland the full force of the Nazi war-machine. These little countries had prepared as best they could against aggression; but they had scrupulously refrained from making with the Allies those preliminary staff arrangements which would render it possible for the Allies to defend them effectively when the attack came. Nevertheless, it was inevitable that now they should call for help, and natural that the Allies should answer. And as the German armies cut rapidly into the Low Countries from the east, the British Expeditionary Force and a large French army marched out from their fortified positions on the Franco-Belgian border to meet them. Such operations had seemed probable for months, and the Allied

command had had ample opportunity to plan and prepare. Nevertheless, that command was now unequal to the occasion, and German material superiority combined with its deficiencies to produce what Mr Churchill later called "a colossal military disaster."

Holland, in a military sense, was much weaker than Belgium. Her forces were smaller and she had little in the way of permanent fortifications; while the water defences to which she had pinned her faith proved of no avail. Furthermore, while trying to defend herself in front she was stabbed in the back. German parachute troops in large numbers were dropped in and around her large cities (they held much of Rotterdam until the ground forces arrived to relieve them) and "fifth columnists" among the civil population co-operated with the invaders. Five days were enough to complete the work of destruction. The survivors of the Dutch army surrendered; the government and the royal family fled to England.

The Allied troops, moving into Belgium, presumably expected to find themselves aiding the Belgians in defending a formidable prepared defence line in which the fortifications of Liége and the Albert Canal were the most important elements. The Germans, however, broke this line within forty-eight hours, capturing the essential fort of Eben Emael and crossing the canal on bridges which the Belgians had failed to destroy. The Allies, therefore, could do nothing but join the retreating Belgians in an attempt to make good the line of the Dyle in front of Brussels. Desperate fighting now took place in this region, particularly around Louvain, but the attempt failed. The fall of Namur weakened the Allied right; Brussels was abandoned on May 17, and Antwerp the following day.

In the meantime, developments of the most fatal import had occurred to the south-east, in the system of pill-boxes and field-works which the French had constructed along the Belgian border from the northern end of the Maginot Line to the Channel. In the light of the statement made by Premier Reynaud to the French Senate on May 21, it is evident that the movement into Belgium from the left sector of this system weakened the right sector. The troops allotted to its defence were low in quality and failed to move into their positions with proper speed. These positions, though far from equal to the main Maginot Line in strength, were certainly formidable. The fact remains that, on May 13 and 14,

they were pierced in the vicinity of Sedan by German forces which had advanced with great rapidity through Luxembourg and the rugged Ardennes. Here again vital bridges (this time across the Meuse) were not destroyed by the defenders. On the following days the breach in the line was enlarged until it stretched from Sedan to Maubeuge. It is clear that the French forces in this area were considerably disorganized, and the confused nature of the fighting is apparent from the fact that General Giraud, who was given the task of restoring the situation, was captured by the enemy.

On May 21, the "bulge" in the French line became something worse. From its western side German mechanized forces made a sudden dash clear down the Somme Valley to Abbéville on the Channel coast. The remainder of the extension of the Maginot Line was thus taken in reverse, and the Allied armies in Belgium were separated from those in France. The Germans were undertaking against the former an encircling movement of the type taught by their great strategist Schlieffen; but Schlieffen, who died in 1913, never dreamed of the lightning speed and power which aircraft and fast armoured vehicles would lend to his conceptions. At this moment France called General Maxime Weygand from the Near East and appointed him Generalissimo in the place of General Gamelin, who dropped from sight. Further changes in command followed. The Allied world hoped against hope that the comparatively narrow German corridor separating the two Anglo-French forces could be cut and the enemy units on the Channel isolated in their turn. This hope was dashed when, in the early morning of May 28, King Leopold III of Belgium, acting against the advice of his ministers, and in circumstances which are not yet entirely clear, surrendered to the Germans himself and his army of roughly half a million men. This action left the Allied force which had marched to Belgium's aid in desperate straits, with its left flank (the British sector) suddenly completely exposed. There could be no thought now but retreat, if indeed retreat was possible; for it could only be conducted by sea, and already the German forces were sweeping up the coast from Abbéville and down the coast from the region of Bruges.

There followed now the epic of Dunkirk. This port, the one remaining avenue of withdrawal, was kept open by heroic delaying actions by handfuls of Allied troops at Boulogne and Calais, and

by flooding operations to the eastward. Not for the first time in its history, the British Army, fighting against great odds with its back to the sea, committed its fortunes to the Royal Navy; nor did the Navy fail it. It came with 222 of its own ships "and 665 other British craft and boats," to say nothing of French naval and merchant vessels; and through a desperate week the work of evacuation went on, while the Royal Air Force battled the Germans overhead and weary British and French divisions held back the enemy land forces pressing in upon the narrowing Allied pocket, and the Navy itself fought off German submarines and motor torpedo-boats. In the end, Mr Churchill told the House of Commons on June 4, the British naval forces brought more than 335,000 Allied soldiers away in safety. On the same day on which he spoke, the enemy occupied the ruined shell of Dunkirk. The evacuation had been more successful than anyone had dared to hope; but the Prime Minister, with the honest courage of a great leader, made no attempt to conceal the fact that this touch of glory did not prevent the Battle of Flanders from being a terrible disaster.

The French Army had suffered heavily in men and material; perhaps one-quarter of its effectives had been lost or put out of action. France had again been invaded, and though the Maginot Line to the east was still intact there were no longer fortifications between the enemy to the north and Paris. The great majority of the men of the British Expeditionary Force had been saved (Mr Churchill estimated its loss at something over 30,000, killed, wounded and missing); but the nature of the evacuation had precluded the possibility of bringing away any heavy equipment, and the consequence had been the loss of nearly 1,000 guns and all the transport and armoured vehicles that had been with the army in Belgium. It had taken years to provide this material. Even with British factories working twenty-four hours a day (as they were now doing) it would take months to replace it. And even at the beginning of the great battle the enemy had had a large superiority in mechanical equipment.

Volumes might be written on the causes of the disaster, but here a few sentences must serve. In spite of the warning conveyed by the Polish campaign, the Allies had underrated the Germans. Under the influence of the school of thought represented by Captain Liddell Hart, whose most recent book we noticed at length last October, they had underrated in particular the tremendous striking-

power of the new German army. In the light of the almost incredible offensive strength of the enemy's armoured divisions, working in close co-operation with his superior air force, the theory that "defence is the best attack" and that decisive victory on the battlefield is a "mirage," scarcely seems to stand up.

The French in this campaign fell between two stools. The purely defensive theory which found expression in the construction of the Maginot Line would have led, logically, to the defence of France as a great fortress, with every approachable frontier lined with impregnable works, and with no attempt being made to send armies out to the aid of France's allies. Actually, however, the French defence system was never completed. The original Maginot Line covered only the German and Luxembourg borders; considerations of economy (for it was enormously expensive) and reliance upon the Belgian alliance and the improved Belgian army and fortifications prevented any extension to the north. When King Leopold abrogated the alliance in 1936, measures were taken to provide such an extension, but, as we have explained, these works, even after the labours of the winter of 1939-40, were much less formidable than the great Maginot forts. To make matters worse, the movement into Belgium, when Leopold called for help, was allowed to disrupt the arrangements for holding them, and, thanks in part to a surprising ineptitude displayed by the French local command at the moment of crisis, the attempt to combine fortress strategy with strategy of manoeuvre resulted in disaster. The high command in its turn has been (by implication) condemned by Mr Churchill for failing to withdraw the forces in Belgium as soon as it became clear that the break-through at Sedan was serious. It has been reported, not necessarily correctly, that this was due to the influence of King Leopold, who insisted upon an attempt being made to defend Brussels. Finally, the defection of Leopold himself was the blow which rendered the Allied position in Belgium utterly hopeless. This, of course, could not have been foreseen. The unhappy young king seems to have been the evil genius of the campaign.

The Allies, however, were not defeated merely by their own mistakes. Their troops were overborne by effective German tactics —tactics founded primarily upon an overwhelming superiority in aircraft and in armoured vehicles. Dive-bombers, used in great numbers, to a large extent took the place of artillery and the terror

inspired by this comparatively new weapon probably had a great deal to do with the initial fatal break-through. The testimony of neutral observers seems to support the Allies' claims of the superiority of their individual planes and pilots; the Royal Air Force is acknowledged to have done wonders; but the odds were too great. The bombers helped to clear the way for the armoured divisions, of which the enemy seems to have possessed about eleven, each including between 400 and 500 tanks. Some of these latter supposedly weighed as much as 80 tons and were too thickly armoured to be injured by the French anti-tank gun; only field-guns could put them out of action. Fast-moving motorized infantry divisions and artillery were ready to exploit the successes gained by the armoured units; and behind these (to quote Mr Churchill again) "plodded comparatively slowly the dull brute mass of the ordinary German army." Essentially, however, this was, like the campaign in Poland, a war of machines against men; and again the machines won.

This is, of course, merely another way of saying that it was a war between a society which for seven long years had bent the whole of its energies to the single end of preparation for battle, and societies cursed by divided councils and ineffective leadership, which cultivated a misguided optimism, underestimated the enemies of their way of life, and armed against them too late and on too limited a scale.

III. The Battle of France

When General Weygand took command at the end of the third week in May, he was in the position of a doctor who has been called in only when the patient is already in the advanced stages of a dangerous disease. For a time he may have contemplated the possibility of a counter-offensive to restore the situation in Flanders, but any such idea had to be abandoned when the Belgians surrendered. Thereafter the Generalissimo could only concentrate upon making what preparations time allowed for meeting the onslaught upon the main French forces which could be expected as soon as the Battle of Flanders was over. He found those forces holding a line, not previously prepared for defence, stretching from Montmédy, the northern terminus of the Maginot Line proper, along the Aisne and Somme Rivers to the Channel. This line was somewhat longer than the original French defensive position, and

there were, as we have seen, considerably fewer men available to hold it. Only the equivalent of three British divisions were in France to help; for the moment, the loss of equipment had immobilized those withdrawn from Dunkirk. The fate of France had, in fact, been sealed in Flanders. The task before Weygand was virtually impossible, and it is no discredit to a great soldier that he failed to work a miracle.

The Germans gave him little time to prepare. Before the Dunkirk drama was over, their divisions were moving out of that area towards the south and east; and on June 5, the very day after the city fell, they launched a terrific assault against the French positions on a front of 120 miles. The Battle of France had begun; and the tremendous offensive thus initiated was destined not to lose its momentum until French military power in Europe had been destroyed.

Weygand had apparently organized a system of defence in depth, relying upon artillery strong points, established well behind his front lines, to deal with tank columns which might break through. During the first few days of the offensive, this system worked with considerable success. The fighting was savage in the last degree. The Germans, rushing headlong forward to the attack, were met by the French with the most desperate opposition, and suffered very heavy losses. To these they paid no heed, but continued to pour in fresh troops and fresh tanks against the outnumbered and increasingly exhausted Allies. The Germans appeared to have inexhaustible reserves; the French had none. Before the operations were over, it was reported that Hitler had thrown in approximately 2,000,000 men, and correspondents were writing of French units which had fought steadily for ten days without rest and without relief. This, in a nutshell, is the story of the Battle of France.

June 8 saw the beginning of the end, when the French centre was forced back on a wide front and German tanks penetrated far towards Rouen on the left. From this time on the German advance was rapid, though the French continued to exact a very heavy toll and, despite the fiercest pressure, long managed to prevent any complete break in their lines. By June 13, the enemy was across the Seine to the west of Paris and the Marne to the east. The government had already (June 10) left the capital for Tours, whence it was soon forced to move on to Bordeaux. Paris

was declared an open city to save it from destruction; and, on June 14, the Germans marched in.

In the meantime, Hitler's successes had brought him an ally. Ever since the beginning of the Norwegian campaign, a fierce anti-Allied campaign had been carried on in the Italian press with the object, apparently, of whipping up war fever; but Mussolini did not actually move until he had become thoroughly convinced that France was beaten, and that longer delay might imperil his share of the loot. What Italy wanted was not risks, but spoil. The United States did what could be done by diplomatic means to keep her out, but failed. On June 10, with the defences of Paris crumbling, the jackal ventured to join the tiger. Even then, the Duce began his war with notable caution, limiting his first efforts to air and submarine action in the Mediterranean and Red Sea areas, and attempting no large operations on France's Alpine frontier.

For the moment, however, the Germans required no aid. It had presumably been General Weygand's plan to try to stabilize the situation by a stand on the line of the Loire; but continuing German pressure and increasing French disorganization made this impossible. In particular, another break-through of mechanized columns occurred in the east, where the German forces swept on through Châlons-sur-Marne, Chaumont and Langres towards the Swiss border with a view to encircling the whole Maginot Line. The latter, which now was also being assailed in front, was therefore ordered evacuated, and some, though by no means all, of the fortress troops got away to the south. The encirclement was completed when German troops reached Pontarlier on June 17. By this time, however, the desperate military situation had already produced important political consequences. On the previous day, as the climax to a series of events which is still obscure, Premier Paul Reynaud, the little man who had been the incarnation of the fighting spirit of France, had resigned, being replaced by the aged Marshal Pétain. It is both difficult and unpleasant to pass judgment upon France at this terrible moment in her history; but it appears that the military collapse had produced a degree of moral collapse among French politicians. The determination to fight on, if necessary from Africa, if necessary even from the French possessions in America, which Reynaud had expressed, no longer ruled. The new spirit was symbolized in the reviving influence of the

"appeasing" politicians of the pre-war era. British efforts to maintain French resistance by hurrying to the front what few divisions were available wholly failed, and these troops (including the First Canadian Division, which did not get into action) were withdrawn for the defence of Britain. On June 17, Marshal Pétain announced that he had asked Germany for an "honourable" peace.

The succeeding gloomy events can be briefly summarized. Fighting proceeded along with negotiation, the French being pushed back rapidly on all fronts. On June 22, in the same railway car in which the armistice of 1918 was negotiated, and at the same spot in the Forest of Compiègne, French plenipotentiaries agreed to Hitler's terms. On June 24, they signed a separate armistice with Italy. As everyone (except possibly a few unusually deluded Frenchmen) had expected, the terms were harsh in the extreme. France was entirely disarmed, promising, among other provisions, to hand over as much of her fleet as the enemy might demand; and the whole of the country north of a line from Geneva to Tours, plus the entire western coast, was subjected to German occupation. Italy was promised a sweeping demilitarization of the French colonies in Africa. There is no object in rehearsing the terms in detail; what matters is that continental France was rendered helpless. The value of any paper undertaking signed by Hitler and Mussolini is hardly a matter requiring extended comment.

The French surrender, and its terms, produced recriminations between London and Bordeaux. Mr Churchill explained to the House of Commons, on June 25, that when the Reynaud government asked that France be relieved from her pledge never to make a separate peace the British reply had been that Britain would consent, provided that the French fleet were sent to British ports while negotiations proceeded. "Many solemn assurances" were given by the incoming Pétain government that the fleet would not pass to Germany, but this did not prevent the agreement noted above. The French, perhaps, salved their consciences with Hitler's promise that the French ships would not be used against Britain! It appeared doubtful, however, whether many ships would actually pass to Germany. It was hoped that all the French forces in Africa and the Near East would fight on beside the British; but this hope weakened as time passed and the rot spread. In London, however, General de Gaulle worked to organize those Frenchmen who still possessed the will to resist.

The French collapse was certain to have serious international repercussions in many regions. The first appeared when Russia, following up the advantages gained in the previous autumn, demanded and obtained the right to increase her garrisons in Lithuania, Latvia, and Estonia, and virtually took over the three states. The Soviets were obviously strengthening their fences against a victorious Germany; but those who hoped for Stalin to declare war against the Reich were wishful thinkers. In the Near East the Allied stock fell. King Carol of Rumania reorganized his government in a manner suggesting that he had decided to co-operate fully with Germany. This did not save his country from dismemberment. Faced by a Soviet ultimatum, he submitted to the cession to Russia of Bessarabia and northern Bukovina; and Bulgaria and Hungary looked forward to recovering the provinces which *they* had lost to Rumania in 1919. The future in the Balkans turned upon the relations of Russia with the Axis powers—which continued very obscure. Turkey tended to pull away from her agreement with the Allies, despite the Italian entrance into the war. Egypt, in spite of the fact that under the Anglo-Egyptian Treaty of 1936 her territory was being used as a British base against Italy and her ports were being bombed by Italian planes, showed reluctance to declare war. At the same time, Japan prepared to turn the European crisis to her own advantage. The cry of "A Japanese Monroe Doctrine in Eastern Asia" was raised again; it seemed clear that the Japanese would try to establish a protectorate over French Indo-China; and menacing military movements took place in the vicinity of Hong Kong. The Japanese Foreign Minister spoke, on June 29, of the desirability of one supreme authority in East Asia and the South Seas. No power, except perhaps the United States, was for the moment in a position to check Japan if she was in earnest; and it was doubtful whether even the United States, deeply concerned over the state of Europe, was ready to intervene.

IV. On the American Front

In a passage of our April article, written before the attack on Norway, we ventured to warn our readers against underrating the strength of American isolationist feeling, and remarked that it was erroneous to consider the United States as a sort of non-belligerent

Ally. Since April, there has been a great change, and today some responsible people are using precisely that phrase to describe the American position. The United States has gone through one of those great emotional and intellectual upsets which help to make its history fascinating and its foreign policy totally unpredictable.

Norway was the beginning, and the efficiency and success of German aggression there caused visible disquiet; but it was the blow at the Low Countries and the Allied disaster in Flanders that revolutionized American thinking. People now began trying to assess the situation in terms of American national interest, and realized that it was very difficult indeed to foresee the limits of the destruction that would result from a Nazi victory. There was some sentimentality and considerable panic; but the core of the situation was the hard fact that a European system which had been favourable to the United States was in great danger. In these circumstances, popular pressure for aid to the Allies "short of war" suddenly developed; as General Pershing put it, "They are holding *our* front line." In response, the administration at Washington made arrangements for the transfer to the Allies, through sale by private firms, of large reserve stocks of old but useful arms and considerable numbers of aeroplanes which, while not the most modern in the possession of the United States Army and Navy, were considered equal to many in use by the Germans. The utterly cynical manner of Italy's entrance into the war further angered and alarmed American opinion; and Mr. Roosevelt, in a speech at the University of Virginia, described it as a stab in the back, promised to extend to the Allies "the material resources of this nation," and said: "On this 10th day of June, 1940, in this University founded by the first great American teacher of democracy, we send forth our prayers and our hopes to those beyond the seas who are maintaining with magnificent valor their battle for freedom." This was scarcely strict neutrality; and it was widely interpreted as marking the shift of the United States to the status of non-belligerency. It must be said, however, that the speech produced a considerable hostile reaction—especially when it was closely followed by the French collapse, which led a certain number of mercurial-minded Americans to jump to the hasty conclusion that the war in Europe was virtually over.

In the meantime, the United States was overhauling and strengthening its own defences. It was suddenly realized that even

if the country were to enter the war on behalf of the Allies, the immediate aid that it could give, except on the naval side, would be decidedly limited. On the need for stronger forces practically all factions agreed. The President proposed a great programme, and Congress received it with enthusiasm. At the moment of writing, the defence appropriations for the present session stand in the vicinity of $5,000,000,000; but even this sum may be very greatly exceeded before Congress adjourns. Large increases in taxation have been enacted; the fear of "fifth columns" has led to stringent national measures for the supervision of aliens, supplemented by various local manifestations; and the passage of a sweeping conscription law now seems probable. These things are curious to contemplate when one recalls the argument widely used by isolationists, that American democracy can best be safeguarded by staying out of the war which is being waged for democracy abroad; and one wonders what sort of legislation would be introduced in Washington if the Allied cause totally collapsed.

It is still necessary to speak of the future with great caution. Every move of the administration for aiding the Allies has been fiercely criticized by Congressional isolationists, and it must be emphasized that material aid is one thing and a declaration of war is quite another; for the latter there is still very little articulate public support as these lines are written. The situation is tremendously complicated by the fact that this is a "presidential" year. The Republican opposition know that the European crisis has greatly increased the chances of a third term for a President whom they both hate and fear. Many of them are already accusing him of having led the country "to the brink of war"; but others fear that if their party adopts an out-and-out isolationist programme it risks losing touch with public opinion and sustaining another shattering defeat. Its difficulties have been increased by Mr Roosevelt's nominating two eminent and much-respected Republicans, Colonels Knox and Stimson, to head the Navy and War Departments respectively. These appointments are evidence of the administration's determination to persevere with the programme of material aid for the Allies; but they were widely attacked for just this reason, and it is well to remember that the political situation will operate strongly against the possibility of any further important change in the American position before the election in November. Needless to say, this is well known in Berlin and

Rome; and the isolationist tendency of many of the pronouncements emanating from the Republican convention in Philadelphia can hardly have failed to give some encouragement to the dictators, in spite of the nomination of Mr Wendell L. Willkie, who is reported to favour aid for Britain.

V. The Fortress

Britain today stands alone in Europe, facing an enemy who controls the coastline of the continent from the North Cape to Spain. Her state is more perilous than in any crisis of the Napoleonic Wars, and no one can doubt that dreadful days now lie ahead. The presence in England of the refugee governments of half a dozen nationalities emphasizes her position as the last stronghold of that European "liberal experiment" of which the late H. A. L. Fisher was writing not so long ago. Yet there are still solid grounds for hope of a successful issue.

The United Kingdom has found, at a late hour, a leader who can lead; and this is a tremendous asset. It has been shaken from its easy complacency and is now bending all its resources to the business of defence in a grim spirit of resolution; and Hitler may find that spirit harder to break than anything he has yet encountered. Nor is Britain quite alone. The Dominions, including Canada, have been similarly shaken with similar results; they have already made important additions to the garrison of the British Isles (and of Iceland) and will be able to give further assistance, human and material. The decision of the directors of the Indian National Congress to abandon the principle of non-violence as against external aggression serves as an index of the nature of the issue now facing mankind, and may yet have important practical results. There is a large force of trained troops in Britain, and while equipment is still not all it might be it is certainly improving day by day. The Royal Air Force, while outnumbered, should be more effective when working from its own home bases against a would-be invader than in any previous encounter—and that is saying a great deal. Finally, Britain still has a moat, and the largest navy in the world to patrol it; and despite all the development of the air weapon, this is an enormous obstacle in the way of that invasion without which subjugation is all but impossible. The experience of Dunkirk was not such as to encourage the

Germans to attempt a direct assault in the face of the Royal Navy and the Royal Air Force; though this is not to say that they will not attempt it. If they do, a great many of them will be drowned.

The two greatest dangers confronting Britain appear to be those of intensive air bombing and a starvation blockade carried out by submarines with air co-operations. By now, the country's anti-aircraft defences should be in a highly efficient state; but it would be idle to pretend that very great damage is not to be expected. Industrial plants and civilian morale are the enemy's probable objectives. Of the two, the former is probably the more vulnerable, and it is to be hoped that Canada and the United States will be able to make good the losses resulting from any partial crippling of British industry. Needless to say, incidentally, the industrial areas of Germany are not going to get off scot free.

The danger of blockade is serious. The bases now available to Germany in France and Norway will greatly facilitate submarine operations against Britain's supply-lines. There is going to be a tremendous strain on the Royal Navy, and literally swarms of anti-submarine craft will be needed. It is good to hear that units of Canada's small but expanding navy have gone abroad to help; if there had been a bolder and wiser statesmanship at Ottawa in the years before the war, the Dominion might be in a position to do more—but this is the sort of *if* that is being heard today throughout the narrowing democratic world.

Many eyes now rest on neutral Eire. Were this country to fall into German hands the blockade of Britain would be almost complete and would quite probably be fatal—the more so as an important source of British food supplies would be cut off. Eire, moreover, is attractive in German eyes from other points of view. It is almost wholly defenceless apart from the Royal Navy. It has a government which for political reasons does not dare forsake neutrality or ask British aid before the blow actually falls. Finally, Ireland obviously contains unsurpassed fifth-column material. It will be surprising if there is not some enterprise in her direction before the summer is over; and it may well be that a new kind of encirclement—with a complete starvation blockade as its object—will be the strategy that Hitler will attempt to use against Britain.

No one today can fail to recognize the desperate nature of the crisis. We who a few months ago were talking confidently of an ultimate victory cheaply bought by the method of blockade, and

of the generous terms which we would then impose for the benefit of mankind, are now fighting for our lives, and find it difficult to throw our minds beyond the perils of the next few months. They may well be very unpleasant months; but if the grounds for easy confidence have vanished, there are still none for despair. It is quite possible that these months will witness the first decided military reverse for Hitler; and such a reverse might have serious consequences for the totalitarian cause.

June 30, 1940.

THE FUNCTION OF POETRY

JOSEPH WARREN BEACH

MY subject is imaginative literature. Criticism I do not here propose. That is another question, a later step, beset with difficulties innumerable. The question I now wish to raise in regard to literature is, very simply, this: What is it for? Why write books and read them? What does it do for us? In short, what function does it serve?

The word function may have a rather forbidding sound in this connection. But I know of no other word that expresses so exactly what we have in mind. The function of any bodily organ is the sort of operation it is fitted to perform. Now what sort of operation, psychologically speaking, is it that literature performs in us as readers?

Psychologically speaking. It is important to have in mind that we are discussing a question in psychology. We must consider that literature is not a matter of the head alone; it has a broader and deeper basis in the human organism, the human personality taken as a whole. There is a close and intimate connection between thought and action in all the operations of the psyche. Behaviour, conduct—the functioning of us as human beings geared to action. That notion is essential to any theory of literature that is not to be shallow.

Literature is a stiff word; so is creative writing. Suppose we use the word poetry, which suggests a more vivid and fundamental activity than mere literature. But if I say poetry, I mean the plays of Shakespeare and Ibsen, the novels of Hardy and Thomas Mann, as well as the poems of Byron and Poe. And the question is: What does poetry do for us—what is its function in our psychology?

The most famous account of the function of poetry is that of Aristotle, which has the advantage of being frankly psychological. Aristotle, it will be remembered, attributes the making of poetry to two primary impulses: the impulse to melody and rhythm, and the impulse we have to imitate. To gratify these impulses gives pleasure; and this pleasure is evidently for Aristotle enough to justify the practice of the poetic art. The English critics have agreed that pleasure is one of the main objects of poetry; but with their practical and moralistic bias, they generally add some reference

to profit or truth as another object. So that poetry often would seem to be with them a branch of morality or a branch of science. The shallowness of the eighteenth-century critics in their treatment of this subject seems to stem from two tactical errors of Aristotle—his choice of the word pleasure, and his limiting of poetic activity to the imitation of nature. In both cases he probably meant something more in keeping with modern psychology; that is indicated in the theory of catharsis. But his phrases are open to misunderstanding.

Imitation of nature. One might suppose that the sole business of the poet was to make a faithful copy of what he finds outside of himself, as if he did not participate actively in the creative process. The emphasis falls on what we might call the scientific aspect of the transaction, the recording of facts, and not enough on the psychological aspect—the poet's personal reaction to whatever facts present themselves. Such a personal reaction does occur in the making of a good poem—a movement in which the whole of the poet's emotional being is involved. It is more than an imitation of something outside; it is an expression of the personality of the human being who makes the poem, and of him who reads it with appreciation.

Thus the making and reading of poetry—as of any art—may be conceived of as a form of experience. This conception has been developed by thinkers in our time, like Richards and Dewey. Both of these men assume that the artistic activity is of one nature with human behaviour in general. It is grounded, therefore, in the impulses to action which, taken together, make up the human personality. Ordinary behaviour is of course not the same as the type of behaviour represented by artistic expression; but it is closely related to it. Poetry, according to Richards, is essentially an expression of attitudes. Attitudes are not actions proper. But they are, so to speak, "incipient actions," actions in the imagination, or "tendencies to action." They are the result of the interplay and co-ordination of a number of impulses of different kinds. Richards analyses poems into their component elements; and he shows that the all-important factor in affecting the reader is the attitudes implied. It is the attitudes that stir the reader's emotions. In somewhat similar fashion, Dewey describes the art process as an indirect expression of impulses that are not directly expressed in action.

I cannot say how professional psychologists regard these theories.

I have mentioned them because they fall in with my own view—my persuasion that the creative process is more than the mechanical operation suggested by the phrase, "imitation of nature." Too much of our being is involved; and our being is too massive and complex—physical, moral, rational, and emotional. It is clear that the motive to this art goes far beyond what is implied by the term pleasure as ordinarily understood. And it is equally vain to set up moral profit as a main object of artistic creation.

The fact seems to be that artistic creation is a primary function of human beings, something as natural as breathing. It does not need to be justified by the pleasure or profit which it procures, though of course it can easily be justified on these grounds. It is a form of experience, a manner of living, good in itself. We might as well challenge the right to life as the right to artistic activity. It is, like life, an absolute—one of those things that take their value, not from something else which they serve, but from themselves.

The best expression I have anywhere found for this attitude towards artistic creation is that of Byron:

> 'Tis to create, and in creating live
> A being more intense, that we endow
> With form our fancy, gaining as we go
> The life we image, even as I do now.

That is, Byron frankly states that his object as a poet is to live "a being more intense." He will identify himself with the subjects about which he writes, which are so much greater than his puny self; and thus he will enlarge his own experience with the life he images. This he does not for pleasure nor for profit in the ordinary sense of the words, but out of the more primary impulse to live—that he may have life and have it more abundantly.

Now, the uses of art are many and various; and I would not for an instant contend that art may not be allowed to serve utilitarian purposes. There is no reason why Bach should not be permitted to set his music in the form of masses and chorales in the service of religion. There is no reason why some novelist of our time may not set forth his conviction on some social question. I am even ready to acknowledge that such secondary aims may add weight to a work of art—if genuine feeling is involved—testifying as they do to the emotional seriousness of the artist. But I believe that the fundamental impulse to art is something larger than all this,

and that—as art—it stands or falls according as it satisfies urgencies more primary.

We are constantly engaged in activities which are not satisfying in themselves but are meant to secure some good beyond. Indeed, our lives are so largely made up of such mere practical business that it wearies and saddens us to reflect upon it. We wonder if we have not somewhere taken the wrong turning to have involved ourselves so deeply in mere machinery. And surely, we should not be content to go on at all with this tiresome series of trivial acts if we did not believe that there are goods to be secured which are absolute and self-justifying—forms of activity, modes of being, rich and satisfying in themselves. Such are, among others, the artistic activities.

These artistic activities, it seems to me, are in the same general class with games and sports, indulged in out of the sheer love of play. Take a young man, expert in the use of skis, making the long descent of a mountain in Norway or Switzerland, with its thrilling turns and leaps. The exhilaration felt by this skier in the execution of difficult and daring feats, the sense he has of the successful exercise of his faculties, together with the beauty of his surroundings and the glow of health and animal spirits—all this taken together must be counted as one of those ultimate experiences which have no need of further reference or justification. Aristotle himself would have to acknowledge that it is man's essential nature to slide down a mountain on skis; and of no activity can we demand more than that it should be a function of man's essential nature.

Among the fine arts, it is probably music that brings us the aesthetic satisfaction in its purest state. Here we are concerned with artistic exercises which are meant to serve no purpose beyond themselves, and in which we indulge because it appears to be of the essential nature of man to do so. Our susceptibility to rhythm we share with the most primitive animals of our species. And that is likewise the case with the satisfaction we take in melody. It is true that we refine on these primitive sensations—exploring the manifold possibilities of rhythm and harmony, and building up an architecture of tone. But here we are merely making the most of faculties which distinguish man from other forms of organized life, and render his experience so much more rich and interesting than that of elephants and oak trees.

Of course the experience goes far beyond mere sensation and the play of mind in the manipulation of themes. The intensity of

appeal in music derives from the fact that it speaks directly to our emotions. In living through certain quartets of Beethoven, we go through the entire gamut of human feeling. We may not be able to translate our feeling in terms of specific passions directed at specific ends. But we pass through at least the *mood* of every passion. We experience the mood of longing, aspiration, determination—of freedom, tenderness, sternness—of suspense and fear and exultation. And thus, while we do not engage in overt action, since none of our impulses takes the road of muscular response, we are all the same assuming attitudes which correspond to various lines of action: *we are experiencing life in an idealized form.*

That brings us back to poetry. The emotional appeal of music is more direct and intense than that of any other art. The special advantage of poetry is that it deals in words. It deals therefore in objects, persons, actions, as well as in abstract ideas. Poetry is therefore, on the one side, more concrete and realistic than music, and on the other more intellectual. And while the appeal of music is peculiarly direct and penetrating, poetry is capable of bringing more of our nature into play. Thus poetry can bring definite human situations to bear in the evocation of mood and attitude. It can specify the objects of desire and aversion which make of life an exciting experience. It can even put names upon the passions and ideals that give emotional value to our pursuits. And then, by description and analysis, it can reinforce our feelings with the massive apparatus of the thinking mind.

Thus a Keats can examine the psychology of melancholy; he can trace the associations that make of this malady one of the most bewitching of our experiences; and with the aid of image and figure can turn our common misfortune into a thing of pomp and pride:

> She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
> And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu. . . .

A Shakespeare can make us shiver with delight by the mere listing of the humiliations to which men are subject, and from which they would take flight by suicide if it were not for their dread of "something after death":

> For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
> The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
> The pangs of dispriz'd love, the law's delay,
> The insolence of office, and the spurns
> That patient merit of the unworthy takes . . .?

Or a Wordsworth, in a mood of psychological insight, can state in simple and impressive terms the conditions that make our lives worth living:

> Whether we be young or old,
> Our destiny, our being's heart and home,
> Is with infinitude, and only there;
> With hope it is, hope that can never die,
> Effort, and expectation, and desire,
> And something evermore about to be.

Thus the creative artist lives in the imagination, and enables us so to live. Through the imagination we can enlarge to the *n*th degree the narrow life which is our portion as individuals. I have little patience with the theory of art as an escape from life. This will apply only to those artistic activities which are narcotic and evasive. And the great artists are but in small measure narcotic or evasive. Life in the imagination need not be a substitute for life in action, though it is certainly an extension of it. We enlarge, we refine our personal lives through our life in the imagination. But we also *confirm* them, we integrate them, we reinforce whatever in our personal lives has meaning and value.

The life of the imagination has two poles—that of the real and that of the ideal. These two poles are exemplified in the passages I have quoted from Shakespeare and Wordsworth. In Hamlet's soliloquy the note of realism is dominant. One of our strongest and most normal passions is the passion for truth. Our intellectual nature and our moral nature alike drive us to the finding and the publishing of the truth. It is not merely that truth is essential for dealing with facts so as to make the best of them. Our very pride as upright and thinking animals forces us to look the facts in the face and shout them from the house-tops. In Europe at this moment are being enacted some of the most hideous chapters in human history. And we should not be men or artists if we did not insist on giving shape in words to the withering truths which cannot be ignored. The scientific passion is part of our make-up as thinking beings—the passion to understand the facts, and to trace the laws that operate in each realm of knowledge. And because I hold this passion for one of the noblest of our endowments, I cannot join in the criticism so often levelled at the realistic school of fiction, especially at the realists of the great period in France—men like Zola and Flaubert. They do not represent the whole of art; the truth they tell is certainly not the whole story. But so far as it

goes, it is the truth—it is the truth as they saw it. The passion of science joined in them with the passion of art, and what they wrought was one of the great monuments to the creative impulse.

But there is another pole to the imagination which is just as valid and important as the realistic pole. Whatever the facts of life as they are, they derive all their meaning for us from our idea of what can be made of them.

> With hope it is, hope that can never die,
> Effort, and expectation, and desire,
> And something evermore about to be.

We believe that men have the faculty of fixing goals and striving for their attainment. We believe that such striving is itself a fact of life—the most important fact of all, since it is the means by which the will of man is made effectual in the world of fact. We believe further that certain goals are more worth while than others, since they represent our most persistent notions of human well-being. Such goals we call *ideals*. They have their origin in our moral sense, our vision of better and worse; and it is by reference to them that we organize our most serious activities.

Such an ideal is justice among men—the heart's demand that all men should be treated without discrimination and given their chance for happiness. Another such ideal, which comprehends justice, is the ideal of brotherly love. It seems to us good that men should live in relations of mutual affection and well-wishing; that they should strive together for a common good. We deeply feel that the good of life is multiplied when it is thus shared. This is the moral ideal that underlies the political theory of democracy. I am tired of having cynical people treat democracy as if it were just a device for securing the widest distribution of material goods. I am tired of having them treat the ideal of progress as if that was all it meant. The best of those who have written of progress and democracy have always had in mind as chief gain a growth in brotherly love. They have held that the ends sought were good in large part because they were shared by human beings who feel towards one another like members of the same family.

If then men's active lives are directed towards ideal goals, it is inevitable that such ideals should play a large part in their imaginative creation. It is by reference to such ideals that the life of the imagination may be *oriented*, like our life in action. For this reason I sometimes question the critical view that tragedy is the noblest

of literary forms. Agreed that the tragedies of Sophocles and Shakespeare are noble productions, and deeply human. It does not follow that this form should be exalted above all others. The theme of tragedy is the defeat of the human will. And I think we should make much of those types of literature in which the human will for good is not altogether defeated. Such are the *Divine Comedy*, *Paradise Lost*, Goethe's *Faust*, the sonnets of Wordsworth, *Prometheus Unbound*, the novels of Thomas Mann, Sandburg's poems of democracy, *The People Yes*, Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath*, the novels of André Malraux, *Man's Fate* and *Man's Hope*.

In all of these there is plenty of realism, a plentiful recognition of those forces within man and without him which tend to defeat his better will and nullify his ideals. But the sky is never wholly darkened. The will of man for good is never wholly defeated. There is always the faith that man's will and man's ideals count for something in history as they count for something in his spiritual life. Without this faith, creative art would be reduced to exercises so trivial and uninspiring that it would no longer be worth talking about. But with it, our life in the imagination takes on a dignity and significance worthy of its kinship with life in action.

LATIN AND EDUCATION

GILBERT NORWOOD

THIS article does not aim at a complete or even summary account of that familiar dispute, "Is Latin Worth While?" The arguments, no less hackneyed than weighty, presented with an almost ritual regularity on both sides I have no present inclination to rehearse, but confess that I have grown a little tired of watching both parties ignore certain basic truths. These I propose to state, in the hope that the controversy may thus be drawn into better focus and the combatants dissuaded from working further mischief. Accordingly this article (as I called it) makes no pretence to structure or to fully developed argument, being little more than a list of quite separate facts regularly ignored or suppressed by both the assailants and the champions of classical studies—or of Latin: for no great distinction between Latin and Greek can in this connection be maintained.

First, then, what is more frequently objected against Latin than that it has no value for practical life? To this our misguided classicists find no genuine reply, as they in effect confess by the evident spuriousness of their grandiloquence about detecting the meaning of a scientific word. Is it a good bargain to spend five hours a week for six years in order to know what "piscatorial" means without getting up and consulting the English dictionary? This absurdity is aggravated by a fact always concealed: to wit, that many of these scientific terms are based on Greek words so rare that one may study Greek for twenty years without coming across them. "Helminthology" for example: how many have ever seen the word *helmins* and know its meaning? As for "philatelist," twenty times twenty years of Greek would not disclose its meaning: though it is derived from Greek words, its sense would never be guessed.

Why not produce instead of this a retort which would ruin the anti-classicists' case? Greek and Latin have no practical use in most people's lives, true; but no more have the other "secondary" or "high-school" subjects. The charge, then, is true but grossly unfair. How often have you yourself employed the French, the algebra, the science, in your own ordinary life? Naturally, I mean nothing so foolish as that any one person finds none of these studies

useful; but each must own that most of his secondary subjects have been of no practical use, the list varying with each person. French is used by some, algebra by some—and (this is my point) Latin by some. In the Great War, three documents of contemporary interest were at various times laid before me for translation: one was in German, one in Latin, one in ancient Greek. For me, then, Latin and Greek were as practical as German. In fact, two subjects alone deserve the raptures of our muddle-headed practical men: reading and writing. Even arithmetic: come now, confess! Of all you learned, how much do you employ? How often do you use even long division?

Those who urge that subjects should be useful in later life omit from the curriculum, with no sign of of misgiving, many pursuits which we all know are useful then; which, moreover, could be taught in school and college no less easily and effectively than those ultra-modern subjects which are (in truth) not genuine subjects at all, but torn-out lumps thereof, stuck together with office-paste and given catch-penny names. Most people find French less useful in after life than poker, physics than the ability to listen brightly to bores. We in Canadian and British universities ceaselessly express loathing for certain American universities where poker (so to call it) is taught. Our "practical" educationists should realize that they are wrong and the Americans right. The American educationist accepts outside standards in all their naked vulgarity, and reasonably "educates" to meet them. We accept the false standard, popularity, but stop short, in defiance of logic, when the results of our acceptance become too horrible. Nevertheless, in fifty years' time, poker will be with us (called, of course, "Social Amenities 2c"): for if we have no minds of our own we shall drift endlessly, though a faint hankering after academic gentility will keep us ever at the tail of the procession.

My second point is (as I said) quite different. A great many high-school pupils do in fact take Latin, and many of their teachers are eager to increase the number. Both these processes—in the United States, in Canada, in England—are unwisely pursued. It is no use to coax and wheedle and bribe boys and girls into Latin or into continuing Latin; but this coaxing every year becomes more frequent and more absurd. Unfortunately the public—even the academic public, some of it—goes sadly astray about old-time austerities which ought now to be abjured. I have heard fantastic

descriptions of the "old régime" during the sixties in England, even during the nineties, to which I myself in this sense belong. For instance, the idea still flourishes that a classical graduate is expected (by old-fashioned teachers) to write "faultless Latin prose." Even in the heyday of English classical schools, I doubt whether so much as one thoroughly good Latin prose was ever produced under examination conditions. A distinguished scholar belonging to that era, who had been a prefect (if not head boy) of Shrewsbury School in the period of its astonishing primacy, and who was Senior Classic at Cambridge, told me that in his Tripos Examination he wrote *illo* as the dative of *ille*.

Such is the bogey—an incredibly complete knowledge and facility forced upon the young—the turnip-ghost from which our so-called reformers are in full retreat. Its horrors are nowadays exaggerated by way of justifying the new coaxing-and-lollipop method which I shall discuss in a moment: to justify our sycophancy towards the young—for it is nothing else—we paint in sinister colours the alleged evils for which we offer an alleged substitute. But let me at once own that I do nevertheless recognize a need of some genuine simplification, such as very early reading, based on only two declensions and one conjugation, and of pictures (I well remember being first horrified, then strangely consoled, by a picture of a Roman rowing a boat with barrels on it). There is everything to be said for simplification, so long as you and your pupil know exactly where you stand. A map of America is indispensable, though it leaves out so much: your pupil soon understands perfectly the exact relation between his printed sheet and the immense continent. Has he the same understanding about his Latin book? At school, rarely; in college, not always. Quite a respectable percentage of school pupils imagine that Caesar wrote the notes as well as the Latin: or, perhaps more accurately, that "Caesar" is the book they have got. At any rate, when I asked a university student if she had read Catullus she thought for a moment and then said, "Oh, you mean the green book."

The natural map-simplification of an immense subject is being rapidly, nay, eagerly, degraded into a falsification. The cry goes up, "Make it interesting"—another good instance of a remark in itself sound, but woefully misleading. Of course any teacher worth his salt seeks to make the work attractive, but to think you can do so by pretending that it is easy, by tying ribbons on it, by

fabricating for it bogus affiliations to what the young do naturally relish—all that is a dream; worse, it poisons the soul. As well feed a child exclusively on chocolates and meringues instead of a sensible diet. Face the fact, Latinists and anti-Latinists alike: you cannot make Latin interesting in this childish sense. In so far as the lad really studies Latin at all, he studies a theme remorselessly unchildlike and at first utterly alien. To shirk that, and what it implies, is to despair of education. For it is an inevitable element in education—not a foul addendum stitched on to it in days of barbarism and pedantry—that it should contain matter at first alien and so necessarily in some degree distasteful to the young. If it is not alien, they will get nothing new from it. Nine boys out of ten feel, and naturally: "I don't want to read about people who had no telephones or skates and who put the words in the wrong order. Didn't the Romans know about football?" The usual reply today is: "Ah! *Just*-a-min-ute!" Then you dig out the word *follis* (an evasion—it was a punch-ball) and give them a sentence of your own minting, *pueri follem pedibus percellunt*, which after much prodding the lad turns into "the boys kick the football." Then you say "Ah!" again and dilate with some untruthfulness on the similarity of Roman boys and American (etc.) boys. No: the only honest answer to the complaint I quoted must run: "I never supposed that you wished to read about them; but this is one way of turning you from a little savage into a full-sized man." They won't like that, of course: if they did, they would need Latin less. Unfortunately their parents usually don't like it either: hence the decline in our literature, our journalism, our public speaking, our whole spirit and tone in public affairs. Try to imagine what would happen to athletics, engineering, medicine, all our great material interests, if they were pursued in this spirit of coaxing people who by the nature of the case cannot understand the conditions, and leaving out all the elements not instantly attractive, dodging about after the tasty bits with a fork, like Mrs Todgers in Dickens!

If you think my picture overdrawn you need but look into some of the classical journals. At the moment I have only one sample at my elbow: it contains a short story. The teacher is downhearted because her class shows no interest in Latin. She hears the bad boy remark to his companions that the French can get the Germans if they build pontoons across the Rhine. She tells him about Caesar's bridge across the Rhine; and at once, by a miracle familiar

in such literature, secures his excited attention—"Ully Gee, Mop!" is his mode of addressing this harassed Egeria, *née* Moppet. (Apart from Latin or no Latin, antecedently to all questions of curriculum, consider the mere brutality of his speech: before we attempt refinement, we should insist on decency.) Soon the whole school is building a bridge across the creek according to Caesar's description, and "getting extra credit for it too." Now, quite apart from the facts: first, that Caesar's description baffles all or most of us; and, second, that not one boy in ten thousand would take on the job ("Aw, Gee, Miss Mop, they's a cement bridge already": I have the Principal's authority for this)—apart from these facts, can we really hope to maintain a great and exacting subject by such *tours de force?* And if we could, what have we done but show that the Romans did the same things as we, and in this case less well, instead of pointing to achievements of theirs which surpass our own or show an instructive difference from ours? Such "boosting" of Latin is mere superstition. I have heard school-teachers say that they cannot get pupils to appreciate the verse-subtlety of Virgil, but that they should nevertheless read the *Aeneid*, for the story. There are countless narratives in English quite as good; and if our hope is vain that we can create appreciation of Virgil's technique in verse, then we should give him up altogether: one might as well lecture on Rubens to the colour-blind.

A third point rises from Ully Gee's allusion (not that I understand it) to the French and Germans. We are everlastingly told that the young are too deeply engrossed by present-day problems to find time and patience for ancient history and interests. A few university students are genuinely and valuably thus interested; a much larger number are superficially concerned, enough to read the newspapers and chatter—therein resembling most of their elders, not two per cent of whom would consent to live on bread and water for a month if by so doing they could settle the problems of India for a generation. In school-pupils the real interest is practically non-existent—of course: for they are children. We may, no doubt, hypnotize them into going through the motions—or if you dislike my verb, we can "inspire" them. (What becomes of the inspiration when they grow up?)

Now a fourth point. "The Classics may be all that you say, but a too expensive luxury if you have to make your living." Here again the orthodox champions give their case away. There are two

excellent answers. The first seems too obvious to mention: "Nonsense! Plenty of people do make a living out of them." The second depends on the assumption that people will, and will not, take your advice: it means in the last resort, "Don't go in for Classics, because nobody goes in for Classics." For, if the world listened to pro-classical champions, the Classics would be widely studied; then a classical scholar would find plenty of situations open to him. It must be owned that this fourth objection is very effective with those who, like most of us, care not a button (whatever we may write and say) about the nation's future, only about our own sons and daughters. Nevertheless, we must realize an often neglected difference between useful subjects, a neglect caused by our adherence to Pope's queer doctrine, "Whatever is, is right"—our deification of the *status quo*, involving the tenet that fried chicken and apple pie are as indispensable to sound civilization as the care of children. At present, surgery and motor-car driving are equally useful, because on them (among other activities) our life of today does in fact rest. But whereas surgery meets a permanent and fundamental need of human beings as such, the motor-car is a recent craze; fried chicken and apple pie have in many ages and regions been utterly unknown with no detriment whatever to culture or the gaiety of nations. (One grave outcome of the refusal to pursue ancient studies is loss of focus, a gross overvaluation of what happens to be the vogue here and now.) Those who, depreciating classical studies as useless, mean only that they do not produce incomes, are taking up a position which, on a long view, is precarious. Suppose North America suddenly made a fad of the Classics: they would immediately become in this sense useful; the Middle Ages saw fit to invest Aristotle with an importance that far transcended skill in knocking balls about. They also put a high value on astrology: for centuries a man who cast your horoscope took higher rank than a man who produced wheat. Astrology, as everyone knows, has already returned. Beware! Aristotle may be now just below the horizon.

But, fifthly, multitudes of thinking men and women, by no means in danger of that error, will employ the word "useful" in its deepest sense. "Suppose I have no economic stress to meet, what is the good of the Classics, even as stated by their supporters: all this appreciation, knowledge of the best . . ., etc.?" Here we can but say that people either know instinctively what should be answered, or no words will convey the truth to them, any more

than one can convey Bach to a man with no ear for music. Suppose I asked you, "What is the use of being happy?" "What is the use of being in love?" You would be unable to answer, and would refer your inability to the fact that such questions are meaningless. Most things lead to greater, but the ultimate things, precisely because they are ultimate, cannot lead to something else, so that the phrase "what use?" loses all meaning. Classical learning is an ultimate intellectual joy.

The sixth point has, on the face of it, far more validity. "I will not deny the value of the Classics—indeed, many of us know well by our own experience how joyous and enlightening they are. But life has changed since Roger Ascham taught Latin and Greek to Lady Jane Grey! In her time, the vast majority of our great authors had not written a line. Of course she read the *Aeneid* and not *Paradise Lost*! Consider the advances in science, the political events, the increase in available knowledge of countries and peoples! In that age Lady Jane was a wonderfully well-educated girl: in ours she would be a dreadful ignoramus. Subjects have multiplied, and nearly all of them have been greatly extended, some transformed. Our children have a right to know something of . . . ." Then follows an impressive list, which, however, they rarely complete—because (I imagine) they begin to get an inkling of the answer, which our classicists never supply: indeed, they often endorse the doctrine.

This is the answer. Education will never be sane in theory, fortifying in practice, till we face the seemingly dreadful truth: so much knowledge is available, that our children *must* remain ignorant of many confessedly fundamental subjects. If a youth means to gain adequate knowledge—what I mean by "adequate" I shall explain later—adequate knowledge of his subjects, then some others, many others, he must be content to abjure. To insist on the unquestioned value of Shakespeare, mathematics, music, geography, French, politics, national institutions, chemistry, painting, athletics, biology, astronomy, dancing, physics, ethics, the Bible—and how many more who shall say?—is beside the point. He cannot do them all. Prescribe painting, and you force ethics off his time-table; French, and out go physics or Shakespeare. This inexorable result of our stupendous accumulation we never face; but a dim sense of it results in choking the young mind with shovelfuls of scraps—a bit of this, a remnant of that.

"But," it may be said, "to use depreciatory words like 'scraps'

is no argument. We are turning him into an all-round man, who enjoys some acquaintance at least with a great range of studies—unlike you specialists, who aim at knowing more and more about less and less, hoping (I suppose) in the end to know everything about nothing." Impressive, but woefully mistaken! Let us not confuse knowledge which is a mere instrument with knowledge which, saturating the mind, deepens personality. To know fifty telephone-numbers is good, and not in the least damaged by ignorance of all the other numbers. But you cannot judge education like that. In all educative subjects, adequate knowledge alone has importance: that is, only when knowledge has reached a certain point do you gain from it education as distinguished from purely mechanical usefulness. The multiplication-table has value, but only in this mechanical sense. You gain education from mathematics only when you have reached adequacy. And so in all the other subjects, Latin not least: to drill a boy in declensions and similar work, "letting him off Latin" when he has passed an examination on that primary stage without advancing to adequacy, is a superstition, often a cruelty. We are told that he gets some training, some stiffening, out of it. Yes! But is there anything which has not its good side, if only we search diligently enough? It would be easy to point to the benefits that may be gained from breaking a leg—such as respect for surgeons and time to read *The Forsyte Saga:* but we all rightly shun breaking our legs.

Very well! What do I mean by "adequacy"? In all serious pursuits there comes a glorious moment when you suddenly exclaim: "Ah! I've got the hang of it." In swimming, for a long time you think you will never get both feet off the ground together: it seems against Nature. One fine day, up they come. You are a swimmer. Very poor and bungling, but a swimmer; before that moment you were not. Now you may go on to be a champion, or only a very moderate performer; but you have brought off an absolutely unmistakable achievement—you are indeed "in the swim." And in all other pursuits the great, the overwhelmingly important, line may be fixed easily. In Latin, the page offers at first a mass of mysteriously jumbled words, which you slowly learn with effort to disentangle into "the English order," as it is often called, and rightly too, for that matter, but with the completely natural yet deplorable assumption that English order is the "right" order. One fine day you suddenly read a Latin sentence as Latin, not (as hitherto) first altering the order, then translating the result into English and

finally looking at the English to see what the author meant. You have passed the line: you are now really "doing Latin." You are a very weak scholar, but a scholar of sorts you are. You may go on till you enjoy Livy in a hammock, or only till you read Caesar as you read difficult English. But you have got your feet off the ground: that is vital, that is precious.

Now my contention will be clear. It is hideous waste of labour and time to make a pupil "do Latin" and stop while still floundering, "do mathematics" and stop this side of the Asses' Bridge (as we used to call it), "do French" and stop while unable to understand the first sentence in a French newspaper, exactly as it would be monstrous to "do swimming," "do skating," and so on, with the same agglomerated combinations of maximum effort and minimum result. Our schools need not less Latin, but more—or else none at all; just as they need not less English literature, chemistry, etc. etc., but more—or else none at all. The outcry against "undue specialization" is ill-judged; specialize we must or remain distraught mammals—not savages, because we shall know about the subjects; not educated men and women, because we shall not know the subjects.

My seventh point needs far less space. Many depreciate the Classics, or even deride them: what fraction of these people have studied them? In any other discussion you would refuse to take the opinion of one who had no first-hand knowledge: why accept it here? Occasionally the explanation is merely "sour grapes." I feel something like anguish in being unable to publish a most damning anecdote about a certain distinguished opponent of these studies: I fear I learned it more or less in confidence. But who has not heard non-classical and candid people say: "If only I had my time over again, I'd learn Greek and Latin"?

Eighthly, and finally, I arrive at a thought which I had half a mind to omit; but, if true, it is so momentous that no discussion of this kind should ignore it. Again and again, on leaving a debate or any other sort of conference, one hears remarks like this: "As usual, the classical members have made the best showing." Such pre-eminence of classical training is admitted constantly—in private: never in public, at least when the value of the Classics is in question. Whether this kind of primacy does appear in "classical men" it is not for me to say; but I can at least ask those who think so to confess as much publicly now and then in days when these studies are fighting for their lives against unfairness and arrogant ignorance.

HOLLAND'S EMPIRE*

DONALD COWIE

THE German invasion of Holland has helped the Allies in at least one respect. It has brought the great Dutch Empire of the East Indies into their orbit with all the wealth of warlike materials in which this vast territory abounds. As corollaries to this recruitment, it is now possible finally to close an important leak in the blockade of the enemy, and the manner of reaction to the new situation among other Pacific powers has usefully stabilized local relationships. These events are worth explaining, and understanding, for there is considerable ignorance about the East Indies and their place in the tangled skein of Pacific politics.

The East Indies are so big that if placed on Europe they would extend from Ireland to beyond the Black Sea. They consist of a number of island-groups, divided politically into Java and Madoera, and the Outer Possessions, Sumatra, Borneo, Celebes, Bali, Lombok, Flores, the western part of New Guinea, the Moluccas, and many small islands. The total population is nearly 61,000,000. Java and Madoera alone contain more people than the British Isles. But the total European population is only 242,000, and the entire archipelago belongs to a distant country whose population is less than that of greater London.

The Dutch first took possession in Elizabethan times, but were evicted by the French during the Napoleonic Wars. The British sent an expeditionary force and evicted the French. Java became a British possession, with that great Empire-builder, Stamford Raffles, as Lieutenant-Governor. From 1811 to 1816 Raffles laboured mightily to consolidate the islands as a single political and economic unit. What we now know as the Straits Settlements, with the fortress Singapore where Raffles' statue stands, were then regarded as the least important part of the group. But Raffles dreamt extravagantly for the conscience and expediency of England. At the Congress of Vienna their East Indian possessions were returned to the Dutch.

Three years later Raffles returned to his ambitions, and founded Singapore. The Dutch were annoyed. They could not foresee that a century later Singapore would be their unpaid sentinel.

The world was given no cause to regret, however, that the Dutch had been given their rights. During the century of peace,

*Written before the collapse of France. A reference, on page 502, to *three* empires has been altered. (Editors' Note.)

this industrious people wisely cultivated their great tropical possession for the benefit of all. They gradually evolved a system of colonial government which became a model for others. Supreme power and the highest legislative authority resides in the Netherlands Crown. A Governor-General is assisted by three separate local councils, composed variously of responsible Hollanders, of heads of departments, and of elected representatives of the Hollanders, the natives, and foreigners such as Chinese.

The aim of the government has been defined as the gradual devolution of responsibility to native administration so that the natives may govern themselves as much as possible. There is a complicated system of sub-divisions, and the native states are kept separate from areas under direct rule. As a result, the Indies present a remarkably happy picture of political balance. The presence of a considerable number of Chinese, with strong commercial interests, assists the maintenance of this equipoise. There is no subversive movement of any consequence in the East Indies today.

It has been said that the Dutch have cultivated their possession for the benefit of all. This is so. No "have-not" power has been given any cause to complain that raw materials have been locked away from them here. As a mercantile nation, the Dutch have always recognized the value to themselves of an economic open-door. If the Indies have encountered any economic stress in recent years it has been solely due to the refusal of other powers, and among them the "have-nots," to admit East Indian products into their closed systems. A visitor from another planet would surely find this incredible, for these islands now produce to overflowing just those commodities most required by the modern industrial state.

The importance of East Indian products is best indicated by the following list, with the percentage of total world production, for the chief items, given in brackets: oil (2 per cent), tin (23 per cent), estate rubber (30 per cent), tea (13 per cent), coffee (5 per cent), quinine (almost 100 per cent), cocoanut products (30 per cent), kapok (80 per cent), pepper (75 per cent), sugar, tobacco, copra, cassava products, hides and skins.

The export trade of the Indies has been valued at nearly £100,000,000 a year. All the leading nations, including Germany, have imported East Indian products, and Germany was formerly a supplier of manufactured goods to the Indies. It has been com-

puted, however, that from the capital standpoint Britain has been the best trading relation; and it is possible that Britain has invested more money in the islands than all other foreign nations together. Nevertheless, there has been an unfortunate "freezing" of trade between the Indies and other countries, including countries of the British Empire, during the years of modern economic nationalism. But the entry of Holland into war partnership with the Allies melts all barriers to the mutual advantage.

A first act of the Dutch Ministers on arrival in London after the invasion was to proclaim the accession of all the vast East Indian resources to the joint pool. It will no longer be necessary to hesitate before placing orders in the Indies lest valuable sterling be lost. It is no exaggeration to claim that today the resources of not one, but two great empires are still arrayed against Germany, who has been suddenly debarred from one of her few remaining over-sea sources of supply. A steady trickle of warlike materials had been leaving the Indies by surreptitious ships that evaded the Allied patrols through the maze of islands and that unloaded eventually at Vladivostok, for carriage to Russia and/or Germany. On the day of Holland's invasion no fewer than nineteen German liners of a total tonnage of 118,866 were seized in Dutch East Indian ports, and they had been loaded with rubber, copra, oil, and tin. It had been stated in the House of Commons previously that the total exports from the Dutch East Indies to Vladivostok, only 520,000 kilograms between January and August, 1939, had risen to 10,611,-000 kilograms between September and December of that year. This will now stop, and thus each act of German aggression closes the outside ranks.

The reaction of the Pacific powers to the East Indian development is also important; indeed, for the British Empire, it is momentous.

There had been wide speculations about the position of the East Indies if Holland were invaded, and these were very grave in Australia and New Zealand, which stand isolated from the Asiatic land-mass by the giant islands. It was said that militaristic powers, no less than natural ones, abhorred a vacuum; and if the Indies were cast adrift, they might be an immediate source of contention. Whether the United States might throw her weight on the side of stability could not be known, but only hoped.

The event was in a sense extraordinary, although most cheering to all concerned. It began when the Secretary of State, Mr

Cordell Hull, deliberately announced to the world that the United States was "vitally interested" in the Dutch East Indies and would be concerned if other powers should interfere in their domestic affairs or disturb the international status at that point. President Roosevelt associated himself with this pronouncement on the following day—about three weeks before the invasion of Holland—and pointed out specifically that many commodities essential to American economic well-being, such as rubber, tin, quinine, and copra, came from the Indies. "We all hope," said the President, "that the *status quo* in the Pacific area will be maintained in the interests of peace."

Simultaneously the Dutch Government stated that it had not sought nor would seek in future "any country's protection of the Dutch East Indies," and would "refuse any offer of protection or intervention of any kind which might be made by any country."

But meanwhile the Japanese Foreign Minister, Mr Arita, had expressed his full agreement with the sentiments of all sides. Japan, he said, was also interested in the maintenance of the *status quo* in the Indies. A Japanese Navy Office spokesman explained: "There is no occasion for the United States to make any fuss if Japan's naval policy, based on non-menace and non-aggression, is correctly understood there." The fact that Japan and the Indies were economically bound by an intimate mutual relationship was emphasized in Tokyo.

This was all very good news for Australasia. The Sydney *Morning Herald*, describing Mr Cordell Hull's statement as "a strikingly outspoken affirmation of America's vital interest," said the question was also of paramount concern to Australia. The Labour leader, Mr Curtin, remarked in the House of Representatives that "Australia had a graver responsibility in the case of territory at her back door than Japan or the United States." The Minister for External Affairs, Mr McEwen, welcomed Mr Cordell Hull's remarks about the *status quo* in the Pacific.

The weeks passed, and Holland was invaded. But two days previously the entire United States Navy stood in concentration off Hawaii; Mr Cordell Hull reiterated that the United States would regard any change in the status of the Indies as "prejudicial" to the stability of the peace of the "entire Pacific area"; the Japanese Cabinet, after an emergency session, decided that "the attention of the powers concerned should be drawn to Japan's deep concern over any war development which might affect the *status quo* of the

Dutch East Indies"; and Sir Robert Craigie, British Ambassador in Tokyo, assured Mr Arita that "while Britain shared Japanese concern about the East Indies, she had no intention of intervening." Britain, said Sir Robert, believed that the Dutch forces in the Indies were adequate for the maintenance of the *status quo*.

Perhaps the position was that all the forces in the Pacific area, thanks particularly to the American naval move, were adequate for the maintenance of the *balance of power* there. That happiest of all international situations had arisen, in which it was worth no one's while to disturb the peace. Political wisdom and economic interests were responsible for this, but it was extremely heartening for Australia and New Zealand to know that the United States was also concerned that their neighbourhood should be free from disturbance, and that Japan would not be an enemy. There had been fear of Japan in Australasia, but also, among responsible people, a desire to co-operate with this great Pacific power at the first chance. Now it could be hoped, tentatively, that a sound peace policy for the Pacific might eventually emerge from these many designs. The Second German War, it was seen, might clarify issues elsewhere than in Europe.

Another heartening sign of American co-operation was given in the case of the Dutch West Indian islands, off the Gulf of Venezuela. When Germany invaded Holland, it was rumoured in Washington that the United States might move to establish a temporary protectorate over these islands. As it happened, British and French forces landed there, with the tacit approval of Washington, and strengthened the local Dutch garrisons against any attempted sabotage of the valuable oil refineries by resident Germans. The United States Government was kept informed of the position throughout.

But the developments in the Pacific outweighed all others. The Allies now had at their disposal, in the common pool where there would be no difficulties of finance, one of the world's richest sources of tropical supply, and the enemy was finally debarred from that source. At the same time, British countries in the Pacific, long anxious for the balance of power in case of East Indian uncertainty, were reassured. The forces were now so balanced, they could feel, that danger might be indefinitely removed. Moreover, for this situation the re-emergence of the United States as a Pacific power with an active interest in the region had been largely responsible; and that was the most heartening realization of all.

REVIEWS

BURNS AND HIS ENVIRONMENT*

MALCOLM W. WALLACE

When Professor Ferguson in 1931 published his admirable edition of Burns's *Letters* the *Times Literary Supplement* described the volumes as "by an American editor out of the Clarendon Press, an odd pedigree, by the way, for anything of Rab Mossgiel's." Of the seven hundred and fifteen letters, sixty-four were printed for the first time and eighty-eight had been previously printed only in mutilated versions. The real significance of the new edition, however, consisted in the fact that all but one hundred and seventy of the letters were printed from their original manuscripts or from reliable facsimiles. For the first time it became possible to read the great majority of Burns's letters in accurate transcripts from what he himself had written, without the omissions, emendations, and additions which had appealed to earlier editors. Surely this fact surpasses in oddity even the pedigree of the volumes!

Another volume of similar pedigree was published by Macmillan of New York in the following year—*The Life of Robert Burns*, by Professor F. B. Snyder (now President Snyder of Northwestern University). It was by far the most critical, scholarly biography of the poet which had yet appeared. And now we have this latest volume by Professor Ferguson—not a formal life, but rather a collection of biographical studies, which shows the same meticulous accuracy and desire to arrive at the truth which we should expect from the editor of the *Letters*. "What sort of man was Robert Burns?" To answer this question as accurately as possible is the task which the author has set for himself: defence and condemnation he has tried to regard as equally irrelevant.

The seven chapters into which the book is divided deal with Scotland, Education, Men, Women, Livelihood, Song, and The Scot, and in each chapter the facts of Burns's life are subjected to a fresh, original interpretation. No one is more intimately acquainted with the facts than is Professor Ferguson, nor more determined to seek a purely objective, scholarly interpretation. He knows that

**Pride and Passion: Robert Burns*, by DeLancey Ferguson, New York, Oxford, 1939.

too many of Burns's biographers "have worked in the wrong mood, intent on moralizing or deprecating rather than interpreting." His own qualifications for making such a study were certainly unusual. He was not "bred in the rosy mists of the Burns legend," and indeed he made his first acquaintance with the Burns tradition only after he had long immersed himself in the detailed studies of Burns's letters which preceded the production of his own great edition. Accordingly, he had "nothing to unlearn": his basic impressions were founded on the poet's own words. He is suspicious of all unsupported oral tradition and guess-work.

In the pursuit of this somewhat austere, detached ideal, Professor Ferguson has produced a really significant study of Burns. His picture of Scotland's poverty, the political chicanery, and the Anglicizing mania of the gentry, is convincing on the whole, and furnishes a striking background for Burns's achievement in restoring to his countrymen a genuine knowledge and appreciation of their national heritage. Sometimes the harshness of the picture calls for qualification, for many of the unlovely aspects of contemporary Scotch life were paralleled in England. But the Burns who emerges from these studies is a convincing, living man. He loves his native land and his fellow-men, and accordingly he detests the predominance of England and all forms of social injustice. To be a Jacobite and at the same time a Radical did not seem to him inconsistent. He hates hypocrisy and intolerance, but it is against these and not religion that he aims his arrows of satire. Both reason and sentiment reveal to him a benevolent God whom he may know through the voice of conscience. And even in his transgressions he believes that the light which had led him astray "was light from heaven." He is a Scotch peasant and a man of genius. He has an enormous delight in being alive, and savours its quality alike in exquisitely delicate sentiment and coarse folk songs. In his devotion to collecting and publishing the songs and airs of Scotland he shows something of the spirit of the great adventurer and patriot. Those who would draw a veil over the "ribald magnificence" of the *Jolly Beggars* and *Holy Willie* while they laud the pretty commonplaces of *The Cotter's Saturday Night*, *To a Mouse* and *To a Daisy*, do not know Burns! On the whole this is tonic doctrine though we may protest against individual judgments. Indeed the chapter on Burns's Songs is one of the most stimulating in the book.

Perhaps the chief defect of Professor Ferguson's study springs

from his consciousness that he is not in the Burns tradition. He detests the sentimentality of Burns clubs and Burns celebrations, and in attacking these bad things he seems to feel that it is a case of himself against the rest of the world. "The splendid treasury of more than three hundred songs, Burns's most truly patriotic work, lies almost untouched on the shelves." "His worshippers are ashamed of the best part of his nature and his work. And nobody else reads him at all." Really, Professor Ferguson! I wonder. I am not even sure that those who think of the real Burns as "the dropper of tears over ploughed-under weeds" should be driven into outer darkness. The sentimental approach has done much to obscure Burns's greatness, and it is a vice to which his countrymen are all too prone. False sentiment and conventionality and insincerity should be denounced—in Burns and wherever they appear. But there is one glory of the satires and another glory of *John Anderson*, and we may hope that there are more admirers of Burns who appreciate both kinds than Professor Ferguson would allow. But he has written a most valuable study of many aspects of the poet's life and work, for which all lovers of the real Burns will be grateful.

JEAN RACINE*

FELIX WALTER

There is no smugness more exasperating or more deplorable than that of the English or American student of general literature who refuses Racine his rightful place as one of the really great poetic dramatists and dismisses him as a creator of artificial formalisms clothed in empty rhetoric. The only comparable folly is perhaps that of the fanatical French admirer who denies to all who are not French the remotest chance of appreciating his idol. But, while the latter case is beyond healing, partially successful attempts have been made by English and American critics to enlighten their fellow countrymen. The best of these, the essay by Lytton Strachey, and Mary Duclaux' biography, to mention only two, have begun

**Jean Racine*, by A. F. B. Clark, Harvard Studies in Comparative Literature, XVI, Harvard University Press, 1939.

to be a little dated, however, and the tercentenary of Racine's birth provided an excellent occasion for yet another try.

Professor Clark's preface shows that he was well aware that he was undertaking what the French would call a *gageure*, particularly in attempting to convince those of his readers who know no French of the high significance of Racine. To accomplish his task, he tells us he divided it into four main objectives: a sketch of the social and artistic background of Racine's life and work, an up-to-date biography, a critical and personal analysis of the plays, and an anthology in translation of the more striking passages. Professor Clark's own framework happily provides the reviewer with a ready-made method of appraisal, and it is in the order of the topics mentioned that this work will be discussed.

The age of Louis XIV, which constituted the social background of Racine's work, is ably outlined in a spirited essay which, while giving full weight to the importance of the new *politesse* and the new urbanity of the times, does not neglect what Félix Gaiffe called "the reverse of the medal" in his study of the seamy side of the same period. For it was an age of sensational poisonings, of black Masses of sadism, and of theatrical repentances, which Professor Clark, the accomplished student of Russian literature, finds strangely Slavic, explaining in part at least the Tolstoian phase in Racine's later conduct. The analysis of the artistic background is perhaps somewhat less satisfactory. It is difficult to condense a history of the rise of French tragedy into so short a compass, and there seem to be one or two errors of fact which mar the outline. This is notably the case in Professor Clark's remarks on the date of the "discovery" of the unities, which he attributes to Chapelain and Mairet. It was, of course, a rediscovery in their case, and the best of the authorities quoted in Professor Clark's bibliography have long been aware of the importance that had been attached to this problem in France since 1570. It is also in this section that there occur one or two trifling slips that are most probably due to faulty proof-reading: Racine flourished two and not one century before the social drama of the nineteenth century (p. 28); the religious wars in France date roughly from 1560 rather than from 1570 (p. 31).

Professor Clark's biography of Racine makes extraordinarily interesting reading, not because of any startlingly new factual material embodied in it, but because of the care taken to strip

down the dramatist's life to the actually ascertainable facts and because of the fresh and stimulating discussion of the classic points of controversy: Racine's real character and the reasons for his renunciation of the stage. Regarding the first enigma, Professor Clark inclines to the modern view which stands half way between the early legend of "le tendre, le doux Racine" and the subsequent one of Racine's "méchanceté," or innate psychological cruelty. Professor Clark, indeed, would combine both tendencies in one complex personality and explain Racine by the humble horticultural symbol of the onion: a deep inner core of sympathetic sensibility closely surrounded by an antithetical skin of cruelty. The "conversion," in Professor Clark's eyes, is best explained as an example of the Stendhalian phenomenon of crystallization, and following out this thesis, he constructs the most plausible rationalization of the problem that this reviewer has been privileged to read.

The discussions of the several plays, profane and religious, and including Racine's one comedy, *Les Plaideurs*—which Professor Clark amusingly and accurately compares to a French version of a Gilbert and Sullivan opera—occupy the bulk of the volume. These discussions are in the form of lectures, and if this is the kind of lecture delivered to students of the French seventeenth century in the University of British Columbia, then I can only say that these students are a good deal luckier than their fellows in other Canadian universities I could mention. The substance of each discussion is carried forward on a substantial and well-chosen mass of direct quotation from the play in question; Professor Clark rightly refuses to truncate the great speeches, or to mutilate the great scenes, and serves them up whole. Interspersed between these quotations are his own lucid remarks, never hackneyed like the notes of some "college text," and never riding the hobby-horse of a personal eccentricity.

The anthology of quoted passages, presented in English dress in an appendix at the end, is the dish specially reserved for English-speaking persons who know no French. But I very much doubt whether this appendix will make the scales fall from their Philistine eyes. The fact is that Racine is perhaps the most untranslatable of great poets and the efforts of Messrs Anderson, Boswell *et al.* merely serve to confirm this impression. Take for instance the passage in *Andromaque*, where Racine's heroine is, to use Professor

Clark's own words, "wafted onto the stage on the wings of lines as soft as swan's down":

> Je passais jusqu'aux lieux où l'on garde mon fils.
> Puisqu'une fois le jour vous souffrez que je voie
> Le seul bien qui me reste et d'Hector et de Troie. . . .

The standard English version of these lines reads:

> I was going
> To find my son, since I have leave to see him
> Once in a day; to see the only being
> That still is left to me of Troy and Hector. . . .

This is a perfectly accurate translation, but it is plain prose with precious little swan's down clinging to it. Interestingly enough, it is only when Professor Clark himself dares to play the translator, as he does principally in the case of the extracts from *Bérénice*, that we have something approaching an adequately poetical rendering. This is particularly true of the classic passage beginning:

> The time for fear is past; for Titus loves me,
> And is Rome's master; at his word, he'll see
> The Senate lay its homage at my feet. . . .

It is after all not surprising that the accomplished translator of Pushkin, surely one of the most elusive of modern poets, should be able to tackle Racine with better than even chances of success.

I have heard it murmured that there is nothing "new" in Professor Clark's study of Jean Racine. And though this statement may be literally accurate it is pitifully inadequate as a judgment on this book. Its values lie in the comprehension and "civilization" of the man who wrote it. Again and again an apt analogy from another literature or another art illuminates some comment on the great French dramatist and shows convincingly how impossible it is to discuss a world writer like Racine, Goethe or Shakespeare with any background less rich than that of the widely read and fully qualified *comparatiste*. The field of music alone provides the author with some of his most graceful analogies and I cannot forbear from quoting some of them. There is the remark on the musical structure of a good French tragedy, "with its characteristic 'themes,' its alternation of passionate *fortissimi* with pathetic *pianissimi*, its cunningly placed climaxes, its general rhythmic beat and subtle modulations, above all, the subordination of everything in it to the principle of unity of tone or 'key.'" In lighter vein, there is the witty phrase on Racine's liaison with La Champmeslé, described as "an amatory sextet (or septet, if we count the marital

obbligato)." The reader himself can turn up the profound paragraph on *Bérénice* considered as Racine's chamber tragedy.

Canadian scholarship has too often to take a humble back seat, particularly in the field of the humanities. It is all the more gratifying then to reflect that some years ago on the occasion of the centenary of Goethe's death and now more recently in connection with the tercentenary of Racine's birth, a Canadian scholar has led the field.

TWO LIVES*

FRANK ALLEN

Shortly after the unexpected and universally lamented death of Lord Rutherford on October 19, 1938, it was announced that a biography of the distinguished physicist was to be undertaken by Professor A. S. Eve, his friend and former associate at McGill University. This labour of veneration and affection was completed late in 1939 by the publication of the volume under review, at the Cambridge University Press. In appearance the work is dignified and attractive, well printed, copiously indexed, and appropriately illustrated with a fine reproduction of the spirited portrait of Rutherford painted for the Royal Society of London.

About one-third of the 451 pages consist of the letters of Rutherford, the majority of them addressed to his wife both before and after their marriage, but many to his scientific associates and friends. These letters are a striking feature of the book and are of a most revealing nature. For in them Rutherford, from the beginning to the end of his arduous, varied and triumphant career, gave remarkably detailed descriptions of the events of his life, even those of a trivial character. Apparently few persons with whom he came in contact, whether he met them socially, in his laboratory, or on his travels, were overlooked in his free and entertaining

**Rutherford, Being the Life and Letters of the Rt. Hon. Lord Rutherford, O.M.*, by A. S. Eve, C.B.E., D.Sc., LL.D., F.R.S., formerly Macdonald Professor of Physics, McGill University. With a foreword by Earl Baldwin of Bewdley, K.G., Cambridge University Press, 1939, pp. xvi, 451, with 17 plates and 6 text figures.

Sir John Cunningham McLennan. A Memoir, by H. H. Langton. *With a Chapter on his Scientific Work*, by E. F. Burton, the University of Toronto Press, pp. 123, with 13 illustrations and a list of his publications.

commentaries. Scattered through the volume are also many excerpts from published summaries of his lectures and scientific reports. For it is chiefly by these abstracts and letters that Professor Eve has portrayed the character and activities of Rutherford. With them, however, the biographer has woven many readily intelligible descriptions of the scientific achievements of Rutherford, from his early successful experiments on wireless telegraphic communication over the then incredible distance of half a mile to his final work on the disruption of the nucleus of the atom by bombardment with swiftly moving alpha particles.

It will comfort lecturers to learn from one of Rutherford's stories that, at an address of his in the Royal Institution, Lord Kelvin in the audience fell asleep. The breezy description of the incident then continues. When Rutherford reached the question of the age of the earth, a favourite subject of Kelvin's, he saw "the old bird sit up, open an eye and cock a baleful glance at me." An adroit reference to Kelvin, however, caused a complete transformation, the situation was saved, and "the old boy beamed upon me."

The fundamental discoveries of radioactivity by Becquerel, and of radioactive substances by M. and Mme Curie, provided Rutherford with a new and magnificent field of research in which his unrivalled powers of intuition and his genius for rapid and accurate experimentation found ample scope for employment. He was able to keep, as he himself said, a year in advance of the fast growing band of workers who were eagerly investigating the new realm of knowledge. His letters reveal a self-reliant personality, fully conscious of his ability and capacity for sustained work. But they also reveal an ambition to obtain for himself, a purpose richly fulfilled, the high honours wherewith such accomplishments are rewarded.

It is remarkable how few in number are those who do the fundamental thinking of the world in any department of knowledge. Rutherford stands as the latest of a very small group who in the course of two thousand years have elucidated the atom. Democritus in the beginning originated or crystallized the idea of the atomicity of matter. Dalton, twenty-two centuries later, formulated the precise laws of combining atoms. Mendelćeff found their strange periodic relationship to each other. Sir J. J. Thomson discovered the atomic nature of electricity and the electrical constitution of matter, and Rutherford has given to science the planetary atom

like a miniature solar system with a central nucleus of complicated structure.

His life fell naturally into three divisions: first, his education in New Zealand and his preparation for a career in research under the powerful and inspiring leadership of Sir J. J. Thomson in the famous Cavendish Laboratory at Cambridge University; second, his professorships of nine years at McGill, and twelve at the University of Manchester, where he and his associates elucidated the properties of radioactive substances and their rays; third, the consummation of his career as the successor of Thomson in the Cavendish chair of Physics at Cambridge for eighteen years, during which he successfully attacked the constitution of the nucleus of the atom.

Some personalities it is easy to idealize. Rutherford is one. He will become a tradition. Professor Eve's portrayal depicts him as the resourceful and almost ideal man of science, but strips off sufficient of the glamour to reveal the basic character common to all humanity.

This biography cannot be the final word regarding Rutherford. It must remain the chief storehouse of personal information, which will one day be used to give a more philosophical assessment of his life and of his enduring place in the history of physical science, when the still growing knowledge of the atom has become stabilized and Rutherford's part in its elucidation can be viewed in proper perspective. But Professor Eve can rest assured that his biography will remain a verbal portrait of Rutherford of fine literary quality, as his friends and contemporaries learned to know and appreciate him.

Quite the most colourful figure in the history of Canadian Physics was undoubtedly the late Sir John Cunningham McLennan, K.B.E., F.R.S. (1867-1935), Professor of Physics, University of Toronto, founder and director of the building now called in his honour the McLennan Laboratory. Like Rutherford, McLennan came from capable, adventurous parentage, for his father and mother left Aberdeenshire in 1865 to establish themselves in a comparatively new country. They settled at Ingersoll, Ontario, and in the course of years experienced both prosperity and adversity of fortune. It was in a period of the former that John McLennan was born, but in a time of the latter when, after several years of the inevitable school-teaching, he struggled self-reliantly and success-

fully to obtain his university education at Toronto. Unlike Rutherford, McLennan was not lost to the country of his birth.

In the present biography the life of McLennan falls into four parts. The first comprised the early struggles for education and the influences which gradually shaped his scientific career. This period includes his notably slow promotion in the University of Toronto. He was thirty-five years of age before he was advanced beyond the rank of Demonstrator. This fact speaks volumes on the early administration and inadequate financial resources of the University which allowed or compelled a man of high ability to languish so long without recognition, and on his unswerving purpose, so ably achieved, to build in his University a Department of Physics of such commanding importance. The second part of his life included his energetic work as one of the leading organizers of the Alumni Association, who made it a powerful factor in moulding public and governmental opinion and promoting the increased support and remarkable expansion of the University. The McLennan Laboratory is one of the outstanding fruits of this period of labour. The third part of his life concerned his services as research director for the British Admiralty during the Great War, particularly in coping with the submarine menace. The fourth part was the period of his great research activity, which extended from his return to Toronto after the war until his sudden death, after his retirement, while still in the full vigour of his intellectual powers.

In all these varied forms of activity his unfailing energy and driving force were remarkably evident, and they are all fully elaborated by the biographer. In this connection the reviewer recalls an incident, reported in the press at the time, which affords an amusing commentary upon his diversified display of energy. A commission had been appointed to investigate some university matters, which drew McLennan into its scope. An enthusiastic admirer of his when giving evidence exclaimed: "Professor McLennan is the most indefatigable man in the University"; to which the chairman drily retorted, "That's the charge."

It is difficult to accept without some reserve the biographer's description of the part played by McLennan in war researches on submarine detection. Important as they undoubtedly were, they would have to be viewed in the light of all the researches of all other investigators; and the requisite information is not given in

the book, nor is it available anywhere in print so far as the reviewer is aware. Certainly the extremely important work of his Canadian associates in the extraction of helium from natural gas in Alberta, though mentioned, is insufficiently recognized.

In the more candid discussion by Professor Burton of McLennan's career of research, which forms the closing section of the book, it is pointed out that his investigations generally followed the ideas of other scientists. This appears to show, as Professor Burton remarks, that McLennan was lacking in originality, the essential characteristic of a great investigator. After long acquaintance with McLennan the reviewer is not so sure of this conclusion, justifiable as it seems to be. His intellectual powers covered so wide a range, and his imagination was so vivid, that originality was probably there also. But it is conceivable that he feared to strike out on a line of really original research because it would take some years to develop the new technique which would be required, and this might involve the loss of his position in the lines of investigation which his laboratory was richly equipped to follow. There was, perhaps, in his temperament a craving to make a good annual display of papers from his department, and this desire may have nullified his originality.

An analysis of the publications listed in the book shows that McLennan's personal researches numbered about thirty, to which may be added about twenty-five published summaries of scientific work and addresses on science. There were, however, about 175 experimental researches published in which his name appears jointly with those of his graduate students to the number of about 75. This imposing array of papers shows the enormous advantage of making provision for graduate students in any department where the staff and equipment are adequate.

Notwithstanding the varied feelings which the strong temperament of McLennan excited, the authors have made it clear that a distinguished physicist with many elements of greatness in his personality moved for a generation among us, whose memory is cherished and whose loss is genuinely deplored.

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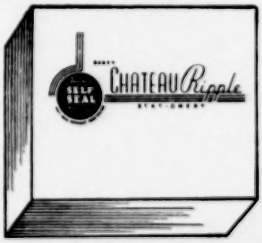

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